The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

A new batch of Star Route cases will soon be ready for trial. Ex-Senator Kellogg is one of the defendants.

The fellows may go clear again, but the worry and expense of being in court may be worse than being in the penitentiary, where they belong.

Burgettstown, in Washington county, this state, was the centre of a cyclone, which was almost as destructive as any that have visited the South or West. A great many houses were unroofed and otherwise damaged, trees and fences leveled, crops despoiled and 500 head of cattle and sheep killed.

A Butler boom has started in New England, to make old Ben President. It is said he would carry all the New England states but Vermont and Rhode Island.

Chicago has an affair similar to the Dukes case—a father killed for attempting to protect the honor of his daughter. On night of 17, Randolph Brem, 50 years old, was struck down and killed by Albert Fusch, a young man. The deceased met Fusch by appointment to urge the latter to make reparation for leading the former's daughter into evil ways. The assault was apparently unprovoked. The assailant is at large.

The star-route trial presents one queer feature. At the beginning of the trial Rerdell plead guilty. The jury in its verdict said he was not guilty. Who knew best?

The *World* in its comment says: Rerdell is one of the accused, who was accepted as State's evidence after he had entered a plea of guilty, having been pronounced innocent by the twelve jurymen, became a white elephant on the hands of the prosecution. "What will they do with him?" was the legal problem, the solution of which was anxiously awaited by the profession.

The learned Judge Wylie has discovered a way out of the difficulty. As Rerdell had confessed his guilt, it seemed proper to punish him. As he had been declared "not guilty" by the jury and there is no punishment for lying, it appears proper to let him go free. But how could he go free while he stood recorded on his own confession as guilty. The Judge cuts the Gordian knot by permitting Rerdell to withdraw his plea of "guilty." "The Court has no hesitation in allowing that to be done," says the profound Judge, "because one man cannot be guilty of conspiracy." Then how could one man's plea of guilt be accepted at all? He spoke only for himself, and as he is but one man his plea of guilty was, according to Judge Wylie, an absurdity. His plea ought to have been, "Guilty," provided the rest are." What a learned set of dolts the star-route prosecutors are!

The work of the abortionist's trade in our cities is quite extensive, and the practitioners in this infant murder are numerous. To what extent this criminal practice is carried on can be gathered from a single case reported from Philadelphia, a few days ago. The report says: Police found in the cellar, under dwelling 2,243 North Fifth street, formerly occupied by Dr. Isaac Hathaway, an alleged abortionist, the bodies of several children and a large number of human bones. Dr. Hathaway was arrested in March, 1881, with Rev. Thos. B. Miller, for committing criminal malpractice upon Mary Butler, a servant girl, whose child died after the operation. Both were admitted to bail and Hathaway fled. He, however, returned to the city some time ago, but has never been rearrested on the charge. Three months ago his wife charged him with brutally assaulting her and threatening her life. She asked to have a warrant issued for his arrest, but subsequently withdrew the charge. She told the officials at the time her husband had performed several criminal operations upon her, and she knew that he had performed hundreds upon others. Twenty-one skulls or portions of skulls of infants had been found buried in the cellar of the dwelling.

The high license plan has caused a big rush for licenses in Chicago, and 3000 were granted in one day, in order to evade the high-license act before it takes effect. On the morning of 20, when the clerks office was opened the line of expectant dram-sellers extended through the hallway and half a block along the street. Preparations for speed had been made, however; and by noon the jam was practically over. The result of three days' work is the issuance of 3000 licenses. There are about four thousand saloon-keepers in the city. It is alleged many of the notaries winked at glaring irregularities in furnishing sureties.

The House passed a resolution not to take pay for the 12 days' recess. What use is that? the law allows it, if any members want to make the grab, in spite of such a resolution. The proper way would have been to wait and see which of the members were inclined to steal without a restraining resolution.

The House passed a resolution to allow clerks and employes pay during vacation. The Senate did very properly refuse to join in. The employes around the capitol, as a general thing, are only at work one-third the time when a Legislature is in session, and are far from doing anything when not in session.

The republican split in the New Hampshire Legislature, on the election of a U. S. Senator, still continues. The bolt is on the re-election of boss Rollins.

The Democracy of Ohio, last week, on second ballot, nominated Judge Hoadly for Governor. He is a good man, and all signs point to his election.

Say the Legislature does not pass a judicial apportionment, yet the Constitution says every county with 40,000 population shall be a separate district. Now suppose Clearfield and other counties with 40,000 population proceed and elect their own judges, what is to interfere? The Constitution says it shall be so, and that is far higher authority than the legislature which can not by any action or non-action make powerless any clause of the Constitution. Should Clearfield go on and elect her own judge, Centre and Clinton would constitute a district if things remain in statu quo. This is a plain case to the Reporter.

No headway has been made yet at Harrisburg in the apportionment matter.

There is one apportionment that will cause no trouble—the apportionment of extra salary for the extra session.

The number of children killed by the Victoria Hall accident turns out to be 202.

A family of eight persons in Cleburne county, Ala., are said to drink nine gallons of coffee a day—three gallons at a meal. Last year they paid as much for tobacco as for bacon.

Joliet, Illinois, has raised saloon licenses to $1000 a year, regardless of beer, wine or whisky, and fixes the license for concert saloons at $5 per day extra.

There is said to be another boom in confederate bonds in Richmond. People are paying $4 per $1,000 for them, and one house has bought $20,000,000 of the worthless securities.

Of late years the employment of women as clerks has greatly increased in England as well as in France, and in both countries it is generally agreed that the system works satisfactorily.

Aristide Marie, of New Orleans, is said to be the wealthiest colored man in America. He owned many slaves before the war and his income from the rents of his property in New Orleans is not less than $50,000 a year. Besides this he has a large personal estate. Mr. Marie lives abroad about half of each year.

There was a novel case tried in Dalton, Ga., before a justice court. An old lady entered suit for $3 for coffee borrowed at different times by the cuptul. The court decided in favor of the defendants.

Xeres, Spain, June 18.—The trial of seventeen members of the Black Hand Society for the assassination of a man named Benacosz, a member of the society, who was suspected by the chiefs to be ready to turn informer, was concluded to-day. Seven of the prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to death, eight were sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment, and two were acquitted.

A GOVERNOR WHO EARNS THE LL. D.

Governor Begole to the Michigan Senate.

I desire to say in reference to my *vetoe* of Senate bill file No. fifty-nine that I find after examination of the books and *rekords* of the formation and organization of School district No. 5, of forest Home and central Lake that I did not have before me at the time, I returned the bill, I was *missenformed* in the relation to the facts, in the case.

If he were Governor of Massachusetts, what would Harvard do about that LL. D. business.

So valuable in their character and timely in their utterances are the leading articles in the "North American Review" for July that we place it among the best issues of this year. President Seelye treats of "Dynamite as a factor in Civilization." Lieutenant General Sheridan talks of the "Last Days of the Rebellion," while "A Non Church Goer," and several "Regulars" discuss the subject of "Church Attendance." In this last controversy there is much to be learned from what both parties say, and every Christian minister should peruse the article. It is by treating upon such live topics that the "Review" supplies a needed place in our current literature.

JUDGE BLACK'S LETTER.

The "Constitution Club" was christened recently in New York. Its plan of organization is "to unite the influence of independent citizens, without regard to party, to uphold economical, pure, and wise government—national, State, and municipal—as originally contemplated by the constitution, and to resist the corrupting influences which of late years have made such headway." * * * * Secretary Evens read a letter from Judge Jeremiah S. Black, who was unable to be present, and who wrote:

"The constitution—what is it? The self-imposed restraint of a free democracy upon its own political action, whereby the power of the Government is limited and the equal rights of all the people are protected. Shall it be obeyed? On such a question what argument can you or I or anybody make? To a patriot the duty of defending it is too plain to be enforced by words, and the greedy monopolist or the scurvy politician drivels like an idiot when he tries to give reasons for violating it. Nevertheless it is constantly disregarded by those who swear to observe it. The interests of a class are stronger than the rights of the people. Strafford, the Minister of Charles I., impudently declared that the little finger of the King was heavier than the loins of the law. Monopoly is king in this country and needs beheading more than the most perfidious of English monarchs. Its excessive and lawless taxation of land and labor is more intolerable than anything the civilized world has seen since the outbreak of the first French revolution.

What is the remedy? Not enforcement of the constitution and laws, which command what is right and prohibit what is wrong, for that cannot be effected without officers that are faithful. As it is, our Governors do not govern, and legislators laugh in your face when you tell them of their oaths. Shall we turn them out and fill their places with true men? That is easier said than done. Monopolies have methods of debauching party leaders, cheating voters, and deceiving the very elect, which, perpetually defeat our hopes of honest government. If the power of the corporations increases a little more, they can put their worst rascal into the highest office as easily as Caligula's horse was elected Consul by the people of Rome.

You will infer from this that I am somewhat discouraged, and it is true that very recent events here in Pennsylvania have much disappointed me. But that is no reason why you should dispair. You have what we have not, an organization to make your grievances known, and I hope that from your meeting the truth will go forth to rescue and rouse up like the sound of a trumpet."

FROM VIRGINIA.

Mr. Elias Hoy writes us from Cumberland county, Va., June 21: Harvest is nearly over in our county; there will not be over half a crop of wheat. The weather was too dry, since May 1st, and if there is no rain soon there will be little chance for corn or anything else. Beginning of April prospects were good for hay and wheat, but April proved so wet that no work could be done on the farm. First of May dry weather set in, since which we only had a few light showers—now it is so dry that nothing can grow. The reason of this dry spell I think is this: On 24 May we had our county election, and our Readjuster congressman and postmaster, both from Farmville, came on the election ground the night before with whiskey for negroes to drink and get them to vote for the Re-adjuster candidates the most of whom are not able to write their own names.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

St. Louis, June 25.—The river is still rising slowly, but the situation is practically changed. A large volume of water still flows through the breaks made yesterday in the Chicago and Alton and other railroad tracks and it is spreading and covering more and more bottom toward the bluff.

Alton, Ill., June 25.—The break in the dyke below the city has caused destruction, covering a wide area. Thousands of families between Louisiana and Crafton are homeless, and fleeing before the floods. Stock to the number of 6000 have already been drowned in the American bottoms. The Scuycarte bottoms are ruined for the year.

Kansas City, Mo., June 25.—The river at 7 p. m. marked 23 feet, four inches on the signal service gauge and was raising steadily. It has risen six inches since last night. The inhabitants of West Kansas city are preparing to leave. The water is now higher than at any time since 1881.

A GOOD REASON.

"Look here," said the Governor to a high State official, "when are you going to pay me that $10?"

"Upon my honor, Governor I don't know."

"Why, sir, the other day when I mentioned the fact of your indebtedness you asked me where I would be on Tuesday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, wasn't that a promise that you would pay me Tuesday?"

"No, sir."

"Why, then, did you want to know where I would be Tuesday?"

"Because I wanted to know where you'd be so I could make arrangements to be somewhere else."

Governor Pattison exercised the veto for the twenty-seventh time, the Grady insurance bill falling beneath his pen.

For two new cash names sent us by a present subscriber, we will give him the Reporter 6 months free, and the new ones 2 months extra on each $2. This offer good to Aug. 1. 5t

ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

Henry Snook, of Reedsville, had quite a spirited encounter with a panther in the Seven mountains, one evening. It seems that he had been informed that such an animal had been seen the day previous on the back mountain, and he, accompanied by his brother and Robert Dignan, also of Reedsville, equipped themselves and started for points in the Seven mountains where these ferocious beasts have been known to be frequently. When they reached the vicinity of the place they concealed themselves some distance apart. And just as the sun had retired behind the Western hills and evening shadows were shutting out the light necessary to aid the hunter in making a sure shot, Henry Snook's eye fell upon the burly form of their coveted game cautiously moving toward him, and as there was no time to be lost Mr. S. fired a load of buckshot at the animal, breaking one of its hind legs. The enraged and crippled creature advanced upon Snook who retreated a short distance when the animal halted. The hunter then returned when another conflict ensued and Snook run the muzzle of his gun into the animal's mouth and fired, breaking its under jaw. It then struck several terrific blows at him with its paws, and another retreat was in order, and owing to the darkness Henry concluded it was time to cease hostilities. Two men returned to the place the next morning but did not see the panther. Our informant obtained this account of the affair from Mr. Snook himself, who is a reliable gentleman. Mr. S. is a good hunter and a good shot, but owing to the darkness the odds were against him in the encounter.—Lewistown *Sentinel*.

SIX ASSASSINS CONVICTED.

Mount Sterling, Ky., June 14.—John Barnett, on trial for the murder of Vaughn Heston, was permitted to withdraw the plea of not guilty and to plead guilty. The prosecution then offered testimony to show the facts of the murder. The widow of the murdered man told how her husband was shot in his bed and fell dead upon a sleeping infant by her side. The jury fixed the punishment to be confinement for life in the Penitentiary. Five of the men jointly indicted with Barnett—namely, Newton Garber, John Becraft, Wm. Becraft, John Gibbs Elliot Wadkins—also pleaded guilty and received a like sentence.

WIFE MURDERER STARVING HIMSELF.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 11.—George M'Millan, now confined in the Canton, O., jail, awaiting execution, which is appointed to take place next week, is slowly but surely starving himself to death. For weeks he has tasted little if any food, and for ten days past nothing has passed his lips but one glass of milk. He is growing weaker and thinner daily, the jail physicians say he cannot hold out until the day of execution. He has taken the method of starvation as the only way out of the difficulty. He was sentenced in November last for the murder of his wife, whom he shot through the head with a revolver on June 16, '82, while laboring under a fit of jealousy.

THE SUNDERLAND PANIC.

Sunderland, June 19.—The funerals of a great many of the victims of Saturday's disaster took place to-day. The streets were crowded with sympathetic people, most of whom were dressed in mourning. The blinds of the houses were drawn and the church in which the funeral services were held displayed a black flag at half-mast. One hundred free graves were prepared in one cemetery for the reception of bodies of victimes exclusive of those for which parents of the children who lost their lives in the disaster will pay. Fifty-four bodies were interred in this cemetery to-day and thirty-one in a smaller cemetery.

The number of deaths resulting from the catastrophe at the children's entertainment in Victoria Hall, Saturday, has now reached 202.

FREAKS OF WHIRLWIND.

Clarendon, Pa., June 12.—A fearful tornado swept over the town to-night, demoralizing eighty-six large oil rigs, five buildings and deluging the entire town, causing great loss of property.

Beloit, Wis., June 12.—This city was struck by a tornado about 6 o'clock last evening. The business portion of the town was wrecked, one man was killed and several others were wounded.

Galena, Ill., June 12.—A whirlwind passed over Elmo in the southern part of Wisconsin about 4 p m yesterday, doing much damage. Owing to the interruption of telegraphic communication it is impossible to learn particulars. A freight train on the Northwestern Railway was picked up bodily except the engines and was carried from the track and completely wrecked. William Gleason was seriously and W. R. Comstock, a traveling agent of Chicago, was slightly hurt.

AN AERONAUT'S FALL.

Fayette, Mo., June 20.—E. L. Stewart, the aeronaut, made an ascension here on Monday in an old hot-air balloon, which burst when it had attained the height of about 2000 feet. The balloon and aeronaut came down with a rush and both plunged into the Bonne Femme creek, and at once disappeared. Stewart's body was recovered.

TRIPLE MURDER.

Columbus, Ga., June 13.—A report of one of the most atrocious murders ever known in Alabama reached this city today. On Thursday, at Rockford, Coosa county, Ala., a negro named Jordan Corbin entered the house of a peaceful citizen named Benjamin Carden and shot him while he was lying in his bed. His wife jumped up and the negro shot her down. Carden's son also started to the door to give an alarm, when he also was shot. All three persons were instantly killed. Mr. Carden's daughter, about 14 years of age, made her escape and gave the alarm. There was no provocation for the murder and it is thought the negro intended to assault the girl. Scouting parties are hunting the country for the murderer.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

This town is much in need of a church building for the convenience of our church going people; hope our solid citizens will soon move in that direction. Business is booming at our coach and paint shops; they are busy on new work and repairs. Their practical trimmer, Charlie Smith, has left for his home at Pine Grove.

Daniel Weaver, poultry dealer, is putting up a chicken hatching machine; may millions be in it for him. Much admired—Cal Weaver's tom cat; his growler watch dog is not so much of a favorite; he is too ferocious for a pet. The young people of this town and vicinity had a picnic, on Saturday, at the Pennsvalley cave; it was a very pleasant affair, and all were much pleased with the magnificent views in the cave. J. B. Fisher had his counting room repaired and repainted in a handsome style; the work was done by P. R. Suman; he also added a neat book case in which he placed his day-books and ledgers from 1842 on, for future reference. The books during the rebellion are the most interesting when a web of muslin is charged up $32, and other goods in proportion. Chas. F. Hennich and wife returned from the west and are much pleased with the western country. Mrs. Fisher has a fine collection of foreign and domestic canary birds—some elegant singers. J. P. Condo and wife will be absent next week on a business and pleasure trip to Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Constable Kline and Hubler went to Farmers Mills and arrested a fellow who came from the west charged with larceny; he was arrested by the authority of the chief police of Chicago, and was placed under heavy bonds until the officer from the west arrives.

News Boy.

SWIFT PUNISHMENT.

San Francisco, June 19.—A special from Los Gatos, a small town on the Southern Pacific Railroad, fifty-six miles from this city, gives the details of a murder and lynching. Two Mexicans, named Incarnacion Garcia and Raphael Maravales, had a quarrel over cards in the bar-room of the Los Gatos Hotel. Maravales was an old man and fled from the room pursued by Garcia, who overtook and killed him with a knife. The son of the murdered man stood over the body with the bloody knife in his hand, which he had wrestled from the murderer, and cursed him in Spanish. Garcia stood a moment as if paralyzed, then turning fled like a hunted deer. The son and another man pursued and caught him. A constable then locked him up in the calaboose to keep him from the large crowd which had gathered. Another crowd assembled, and after hearing the story of the son went to the calaboose, took out Garcia, marched him down to a bridge near the scene of the fatal quarrel and swung him off. His neck was broken, and only one hour after the affray began, Gracia's dead body was cut down by the constable. The swift vengeance was largely due to the excitement in town over the light sentence given three men who recently committed a double murder in the mountains at Los Gatos.

TWENTY FOUR O'CLOCK.

The *Railway Reporter* says that the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus railroad companies have recently issued a new time card, based on the 24 hours system—that of numbering the hours of the day from one to twenty-four, instead of making two divisions of 12 hours each designated or distinguished as Ante Meridian and Post Meridian—A. M. and P. M. At present still another designation is used, that of M. when 12 midday is to be distinguished from 12 p. m. This company is the first to employ this continuous system; but in reality the method is a very old one, coeval with the history of clocks, and is still in use in some parts of southeastern Europe. The day begins at midnight, as under the common system, but there is no possibility of confusion between forenoon and afternoon hours. The great advantage of this scheme in a railroad time table will be seen at once: 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. are frequently misprinted or misunderstood, while no one will confound 7 o'clock with 19 o'clock. Any watch or clock can be adapted to the system by putting the extension of the hours in a circle just inside of those already on the face. The exterior numbers will then be consulted up to 12 o'clock (noon) and the interior ones for the remainder of the day.

Princeton, Mo., June 18.—While a public sale was in progress at the residence of R. S. Light, near Ravenna, a heavy thunder storm came up. About thirty men took refuge in a barn. The building was struck by lightning, and John Bowess, James Berry and George Wyatt, respected citizens, were killed and two or three others injured.

——China and France talk about having a fight on account of a little unpleasantness connected with the island of Tonquin. A little brush between these two nations will not disturb the amicable relations in this country between the people and the clothing house of Lewins & Co., as the latter have always done the fair thing in selling honest goods at low prices by which customers have saved money. In fact since the foundation of the Philad. Branch there has been no misunderstanding between its patrons and proprietors. So much for honesty, fair dealing and cheap prices in clothing.

AS WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG.

"I have used Parker's Hair Balsam and like it better than any similar preparation I know of," writes Mrs. Ellen Perry, wife of Rev. P. Perry, of Coldbrook Springs, Mass. "My hair was almost entirely gray, but a dollar bottle of the Balsam has restored the softness, and the brown color it had when I was young—not a single gray hair left. Since I began applying the Balsam my hair stopped falling out, and I find that it is perfectly harmless and agreeable dressing." june

At Evansville, near Pigeon Creek, Ill., an oak was cut down the other day. The tree was completely decayed inside, and about five feet from the butt was found a human skeleton with handcuffs on the bones of the wrist. There was no orifice by which anything could have been placed in the hollow of the great tree.

"The Illustrated World," weekly, by Jas. Elverson, Philad., is second to none of its class.

——There have been several knock-down prize fights but that is not of the same importance to the numerous readers of the Reporter as the knock down within a few days at Bellefonte, when Lewins knocked down the price of clothing to lower figures than ever before. We don't see how he can stand it to sell a suit and have scarce any profit on it. However, that is his own business, and his fondness to do good accounts for his low prices.

Mr. John C. Reisinger, Wrightsville, Pa., says: I had heartburn that nothing relieved until I tried Brown's Iron Bitters.

Oranges and Florida.

Better than Breezes and Blossoms—Under a New Flag.

Even the balmy air and orange groves of Florida fail to keep its people full of happiness and comfort. Art must help nature everywhere—in the tropics as among the pines of the North. "And, chief among the blessings which are adapted to all zones," writes Dr. J. G. Wallace, of Fort Dade, Fla., "is Parker's Tonic. It seems to have the world for a field and the most current diseases yield to it in action. I have used it in the case of a delicate young lady, with the most gratifying results. It seemed to accomplish with ease what the prescriptions and treatment for that miserable malady—dyspepsia—failed wearily to bring about. I am glad to state that the Tonic has greatly relieved me personally of a troublesome atonic condigestion of the stomach of long standing. It is the ideal purifier and invigorant."

Messrs. Hiscox & Co. call special attention to the fact that after April 1st, 1883, the name and style of this preparation will hereafter simply be "Parker's Tonic." The word "Ginger" is dropped for the reason that unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their patrons by substituting inferior preparations under the name of Ginger; and as ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient in our Tonic, we are sure that our friends will agree with us as to the propriety of the change. There will be no change, however, in the preparation itself; and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of "Parker's Ginger Tonic," contain the genuine medicine. If the signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of outside wrapper. june 14r

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Aaron S. Weaver, dec'd, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. W. J. THOMPSON,
30may6t Adm'r, Potters Mills, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentory upon the estate of John Dutweiler, deceased, late of Penn township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

FRANK DUTWEILER, Aaronsburg;
JACOB DUTWEILER, Millmeria,
21june6t Executors.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,

On L. & T. R. R.

FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley scenery. Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor

SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.
1 Aven 6t

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.

after April 1st will open in the Durst building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 3mart

WM. A. SANDOE,

MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA,

Desires to announce to his customers that he has been to the city and taken a course of cutting under D. W. Belford, one of the best tailors in Penn'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.

He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. 29mary

FARMERS who are interested in Growing Crops cheaply and successfully should write us for our pamphlet on pure fertilizers. ☞ A good fertilizer can be made at home for about $12 a ton by composting with POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS. References in Every State. ☞ Agents wanted for unoccupied territory. Apply with references.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO.

Manufacturers of

Powell's Tip-Top Bone Fertilizer,

Bone, Potash, Ammonia, &c.

16 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Here At Last.

After Long and Weary Waiting Relief is Brought to Those Who Need it.

"Well, Pat," said an Orange county physician to a complicated Irish patient some years ago, "for that pain in your chest you had better go home and put on a mustard plaster. I can't think this minute of anything better. And by the way," added the doctor turning to a friend, "I wish somebody would invent a real good plaster—something actually helpful for such cases as Pat's. Maybe they will sometime when its too late for me to use it.

When BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER was placed on market, about ten years ago the doctor's hope became a fact. Because of the rare medicinal virtues inherent in it, its rapid action and sure results, the Capcine is fast displacing the slow-acting plaster of former days, for all affections to which a plaster is ever applicable. Price 25 cents. In the middle of the genuine is cut the word "Capcine."

Seabury and Johnson, Chemists, N. Y. june

How Colds are Taken.

A person in good health, with fair play, says *The Lancet*, easily resist cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach, or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold or pneumonia, or, it may be, jaundice. Of all causes of "cold" probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours's sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady heavily "doing the season," young children over-fed and with a short allowance of sleep, are the common instances of the victims of "cold." Luxury is favorable to chill-taking; very hot rooms, soft chairs, feather beds, create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrh. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feard as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst "colds" happen to those who do not leave their house or even their bed, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who by good sleep, cold bathing and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation. Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fag end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either overheated sitting-rooms or underheated bed-rooms and beds. This is specially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is not always done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days and even weeks. It thus appears that "taking cold" is not by any means a simple result of a lower temperature, but depends largely on personal conditions and habits, affecting especially the nervous and muscular energy of the body.

Sunlit Rooms.

No article of furniture will be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that sometime during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walking should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money; but remember that pure water, pure air and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and healthier than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to every inanimate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.

The Irrepresseible Celt.

The Irishman was arraigned for assault and battery. The clerk, after reading the indictment, asked the prisoner, in accordance with the form then is use,—"Do you demand a trial on this indictment?" "Niver a trial do I want," answered Pat, with the utmost nonchalance. "Ye need not give yourself the throuble of thryin' me. Ye may as well save the expinse of that, and put me down innocent. Contint I'd be to lave the house wid me blessin' on ye; indade, it's anxious I am, for me loss is waitin' for me beyant. I want none of yez trials at all, at all!" And Pat, thinking he had settled the business, rose to leave the dock, but was, of course, prevented. When the laughter had subsided, the clerk, changing the form of the question, asked—"Are you guilty, or not guilty?" "Arrah, and how can *I* tell till *I hear the evidence?*" answered Pat. It was several minutes before the court could go on with the business.

Bartholomew Nealon, who murdered his wife at Boston on May 30 by cutting her throat and then cut his own throat with a pocketknife, died from his wounds.

Home Economies.

A mixture of two parts of glycerine, one part of ammonia and a little rose water whitens and softens the hands.

Washing pine floor in solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye gives an oak color.

GOOD, PLAIN SOUPS.—*Beef Soup.*—Procure a good shin of beef and crack it three or four times; put on to boil at nine o'clock; boil hard till eleven, then take out the meat and be sure to get all the bones out; then put four turnips, four carrots, half a small head of cabbage, cut all up fine in the chopping bowl; put in a large onion, if the family like onions, and put the chopped vegetables in the soup pot. At half-past eleven, if dinner is to be served at twelve, put three or four potatoes sliced very thin and some milk dumplings into the soup; just before taking up season with salt and pepper, and put in some parsley or summer savory. If you make beef soup in tomato season, put in half a dozen.

Chicken Soup.—Wash two good, fat fowls, and put on to boil, according to size and age of the fowls and the time you are to dine; if at twelve, put some nicely washed rice, about a tablespoonful, into the pot at ten, make some drawn butter, take out the chickens put them whole on a dish, pour the drawn butter, well seasoned, over them, and four hard boiled eggs cut crosswise and laid over them; send to the table piping hot. Season the soup with pepper and salt only. Veal or mutton makes an excellent soup in this way.

Noodle Soup.—Cut fine all the flesh from the bones of two fowls and together with the frame put the meat to boil; about an hour before dinner take out the bones, or frame; half an hour before put in some noodles made as follows: Four eggs well beaten, mixed well with flour and a pinch of salt, stiff enough to roll very thin; make two hours before you are ready to use them; cut them into the thinnest possible strips; season the soup with salt and pepper.

Queen Victoria's Yachts.

The Admiralty have decided that the Victoria and Albert, the Queen's principal yacht, is to be thoroughly refitted and renovated. The vessel is a steam-yacht of 2470 tons, and her original cost was nearly £120,000. There would be no justification whatever for building a new yacht in the place of the Victoria and Albert, as was recently proposed, because during the last ten years she had not been used by the Queen for half as many weeks. Her sole service, indeed, has been to convey Her Majesty to Cherbourg and back, on the rare occasions when she had visited the Continent, an amount of work to which her annual cost seems monstrously out of proportion, especially when it is remembered that there is the Osborne (1850 tons) always available, to say nothing of the Alberta (370 tons) and the Elfin (90 tons). The annual pay of the officers and seamen employed on these four vessels amounts to over £16,000, and last year over £8000 was paid to workmen in Portsmouth dockyard who were employed on them. Besides which there are further charges in connection with them, amounting to at least £10,000 a year, and they are altered and redecorated with startling frequency, which entails additional expenditure.

A Noble Lad.

A poor boy, whose name no one knows, but which should be written in the book of fame, found three little children, who, like himself, had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, wandering along the dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved. The poor lad took them to a shelterd spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed; and then, taking off his own jacket to cover them, sat by them all night long, soothing their terror till they fell asleep. In the morning, leaving them still asleep, he went in search of their parents, and to his great joy met them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead. He directed them where to find them, and then went on himself to find some place of shelter and refreshment. But when the parents were returning with their recovered little ones, they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not far from where they parted from him. The long exposure in his exhausted state had proved too much for his little strength, and after saving his little charges—a stranger to them as well as they to him—he lay down to die.

The young man was trying to play sober. He sat with the young lady on the front steps. He studied for a long time, trying to think of something that would illustrate his sobriety. Finally he looked up, and solemnly said: "The (hic) moon's full as a goose; ain't it?"

The Art of Cooking an Omelette.

Why is it that we so rarely get a good omelette? What are the reasons that make the majority of cooks break down over this simple dish? These are easy questions to ask, but difficult to answer.

I will try and explain how to make an omelette, though I must say that personally I think a little piece of onion is a great improvement to savory omelettes.

We will first make an omelette *aux fines herbes*, as perhaps under this name some cooks will be more willing to learn; and I will go to the bottom of the secret at once. Would it surprise you to hear that you have nothing in the house that you can make an omelette in? This is probably a fact. An omelette should be made in an omelette pan, and naturally the next question is, "What is an omelette-pan?" The most practical answer to this is, An omelette-pan is a small ordinary frying-pan that has never cooked anything but omelettes. This is what cooks won't believe. Their argument is, "Oh, parcel of stuff." But it is a fact for all that. If you doubt the fact, order an omelette to be made in the ordinary frying-pan—however well it be cleaned—and then notice its color. Next buy a small new frying-pan. Boil a little water with a piece of soda in it, take away the taste of the tin, and make an omelette in this, and you will see, and taste too, the difference. We will suppose this experiment has been tried. Next, we will start as follows—We have three eggs, some parsley, and some butter ready. First take enough parsley to make a small teaspoonful whey chopped fine, and if you have a bottle of "mixed sweet herbs" in the house take a good pinch—*i. e.*, as much as you can hold between your finger and thumb—and add to the parsley before you chop it. Chop up the parsley and herbs fine, and add to them a small saltspoonful of salt and half a one of pepper. Next break the three eggs separately to see if they are good, put all three into a basin and beat them up with a fork till they froth, and when beaten add the chopped parsley, &c., and mix them thoroughly in.

Next take two ounces of good butter and melt it over the fire in the omelette-pan till it froths.

Remember, the fire must be good and and clear; in fact, an omelette wants a sharp fire. In the present day most stoves are shut-up ones, but if you try and make an omelette over an open fire you must take care there is no smoke. Another point to remember is to have the beaten-up eggs and all ready, so as to add to the butter directly it froths in the omelette-pan. After a very little time over a good fire the butter will begin to turn color, and at last will turn a rich brown. Now this is all very well if we want to make black butter for boiled skate, but it will spoil an omelette.

As soon as the butter begins to froth from the fire, pour quickly into the omlette-pan the beaten eggs, &c., which must also froth from the beating. These air-bubbles help to make the omelette light. Directly you pour in the egg take a tablespoon and stir it up quickly, scraping the bottom of the omelette-pan all over to prevent the mixture sticking, and consequently burning. You will now find that it all commences to turn lumpy. This is what it should do, and when it is nearly all lumpy scrape it on to one side of the omelette-pan—the side away from you—so as to make it a semi-circular shape.

You can now, if the fire is rather fierce, raise the pan so as to slacken the heat. When it is almost set, take the pan off the fire and slant it in front of the fire, if you have part of the front open, or, still better, hold a red-hot shovel over the omelette. This will help to make it light. Do not, however, brown it beyond a few brown specks. Now take a slice and slide the omelette off the frying-pan on to a hot dish, and serve it quickly. This is a plain, savory omelette.

I have before said that I think a little piece of onion chopped up with the parsley an improvement. If you like onion take care you don't put in too much. A piece of onion the size of the top of the finger would be ample, and be careful to chop it fine. It is not pleasant in an omelette to come across a piece which we have to crunch.

Another open point is whether it is best to serve gravy with a savory omelette. Like adding onion, this is a matter of taste. I think that, if you add onion to an omelette, gravy is a decided improvement, and that if you don't intend serving gravy it is best to omit the onion. The gravy suitable to be served with omelettes is a good brown gravy, similar to that which would be handed round with a roast fowl or turkey. Sometimes omelettes are served with some sort of rich meat with them. For instance, we can have omelette with kidney, oyster, ham, or Parmesan. When you have the meat or rich ragout served with the omelette, but not *mixed* with it, you must somewhat vary your method of cooking the omelette. For instance, omelette with kidney is really a savory omelette with a large ladleful of stewed kidneys; omelette with oysters is an omelette with a mixture similar to the inside of on oyster patty served with it.

When you have a meat or forcemeat of this description you should let your omelette set in the frying-pan in a circular shape instead of a semi-circular, and when it is almost set, place the spoonful or ladleful of meat, &c., on one half, and then turn the other half of the omelette over on to it. Leave a little omelette mixture sufficiently *unset* to scrape it quickly round—to fix together the edges when it has been turned over. This requires some little practice. Sometimes additions are made to the omelette by mixing in other things with the beaten egg. For instance, you can add Parmesan cheese—grated, of course—or any kind of grated cheese.

Mispronounced Words.

Calliope—kal-li'-o-pe, not kal'-li-ope.

Camelopard—kam-el'-o-pärd, not kam-el-lōp'-ard.

Cantatrice—kăn-ta-trē'-che, not kan'-ta-treess'.

Canon—kăn'-yun, not kan'-nun. This word is also sometimes spelled canyon, pronounced as above or kin-yōne.

Capoch—ka-pootsh', not ka-pōch. This word is also spelled capouch, but pronounced as we give it above.

Carminative — kär-min'-a-tive, not kär'-min-nā-tive.

Casualty—kazh'-u-al-ty, not kăs-u-al'-i-ty.

Cater-cornered—kā'-ter-cor-nerd, not kat'-ty-cor-nerd.

Catalpa—ka-tăl'-pa, not ka'-tawl'-pa.

Catch—kătch, not kĕtch.

Caucasian—kaw-kā'-sian, not kaw-kăsh'-ian, nor kaw-kāz'-ian, nor kaw-kass'-ian.

Cayenne—kā-en', not ki-en'.

Chaps—chŏps, not chăps.

Chasten—chā'-sen, not chās-en.

Chew—as spelled, not chaw.

Chimera—kim-ē'-ra, not chi-mē'-ra, nor ki-mē'-ra.

Chivalric—shĭv'-al-rik, not shīv-al'-rik. Worcester sanctions the last as allowable, but it seems not in accord with the best usage.

Circerone—che-che-rō'-ne, or sis-e-rō'-ne, not sis'-e-rōne. This word has become thoroughly naturalized.

Citrate—sit'-rate, not si'-trate.

†Climbed, not clomb (klum).

Cochineal—kŏch'-i-neel, not kō'-chi-neel nor kō'-ki-neel.

Cognoman—kŏg-nō'-man, not kŏg'-nō-man.

‡Cole-slaw, not cold slaw.

Combatant—kŏm'-bat-ant, not kŏm-bat'-ant.

‖Combativeness — kŏm'-b't-ive-ness, not kŏm-bāt'-ive-ness.

Comparable — kŏm'-p'r-a-ble, not kŏm-pār'-a-ble.

Complaisance — kŏm'-plā-zans, not kŏm-plā'-zans. Worcester favors kŏm-plā-zans', but the best usage fixes the accent on the first syllable, and so too of complaisant and complaisantly.

Comptroller—kŏn-trol'-er, not kŏmp-trol'-er.

Conduit—kŏn'-dit or kŭn'-dit, not kon'-dūte.

Confab—not conflab.

Congeries—kŏn-jē'-ri-eez, not kŏn-jē', rez nor kŏn'-jē-rēz.

Contiguous—kŏn-tig'-ū-ŭs, not kŏn-tij'-ū-ŭs.

Contour—kŏn-tōōr', not kŏn'-tōōr.

§Contra dance, not country dance.

Contrary—kŏn'-trā-rē, not kŏn-trā'-rē.

Contumacy—kŏn'-tū-mā-sē, not kŏn-tū'-mā-sē.

Contumely—kŏn'-tu-ma-le, not kŏn-tu'-ma-le.

Conversant—kŏn'-vĕr-sānt, not kŏn-vĕr'-sānt.

†NOTE.—It is not uncommon to hear of one climbing down. This is not correct. One climbs up, not down.

‡NOTE.—This compound word comes from the German kohl (cabbage), and slaa, Dutch, meaning sliced; together, *sliced cabbage*. We sometimes hear persons of limited education say "hot cold slaw," when they mean hot kohl slaw or hot sliced cabbage.

‖The a in second syllable *slurred* or unpronounced.

§Contre-danse, in French, means parties standing opposite each other.

THE production of the precious metals in the United States from 1848 to 1882 amounted to 2,200,000,000, the portions being—gold, 1,600,000,000, and silver, $600,000,000.

The product of 1882 was, gold, $32,500,000; silver, $46,800,000; There was a small falling off in gold as compared with 1881, but an increase in silver for same period, more than making up the deficit in value.

It may be gratifying to know that the United States stand first in the list of producers of gold and silver, Australia second and Russia third.

The French System of Arbitration.

A "Council of Wise Men" is created in a manufacturing centre on the requisition of the Municipal Council. It consists of six or more *prud'hommes* elected in equal numbers by the masters and workmen, and a President and Vice-President appointed by the Government, one of them being an employer and the other a workman. The Government nomination of the two chief members is complained of by some workingmen, but is approved of by others, as experience gained under a former law tended to show that election by the Councils caused strife that was never healed, and led to much party feeling. The President and Vice-President hold office for three years and are eligible for reappointment. The other *prud'hommes* are elected for six years, but one-half retire every three years. In case of a vacancy occurring the Prefect of the municipality orders a new election. No man is eligible under the age of 30, and the electors must be 25 years of age, and, if workmen, must have served at their trade for five years. Neither President, Vice-President nor member of the Council is paid, a fact which, surprising as it may seem to us, is not apparently looked upon in France as materially interfering with the efficient working of the council. In many towns there are several councils, trades being grouped in a somewhat arbitrary fashion, but with the general intention of securing in some measure similarity in the trade customs and regulations of each group, and hence sufficient acquaintance on the part of the councilors with these trades to enable them to adjudicate intelligently.

The "Conseils" have in most respect the powers of a regular Law Court, and take cognizance of disputes between master and workman and between workmen themselves. The Conseil is sub-divided into a private Bureau and a general Bureau, the former consisting of two members and intended to effect a peaceful settlement, failing which the dispute must go from "the peace-makers" for hearing before the other larger Bureau. Procedure is very simple and admirable. On a complaint being lodged the Clerk of the Council sends a corteous invitation to the defendant to attend at a certain time. This invitation is generally accepted; but if not, a formal summons is issued at the cost of the suit, and, if necessary, a third is issued at the cost of the defendant, who, failing to then appear, is liable to punishment for contempt of Court and to having judgment by default rendered against him. At the hearing no lawyer or attorney can plead; nor in any discussion between compliant and defendant permitted, as it might by developing hot temper retard an easy settlement. Each party is wisely restricted to merely answering questions of fact. Witnesses may be summoned, if necessary, and are allowed small fees. The decision of the Council is final, except in certain cases, as when documents are disputed. In these exceptional instances appeals are allowed to the ordinary tribunals. Three-fourths of the cases which come before the general Bureau involve costs not exceeding sixpence; the utmost cost possible is not over five shillings sterling.

Now, as to results. There are in France 132 Conseils, a considerable increase on a few years ago. Before these, in 1880, 39,429 cases came up, of which one-fourth were settled before passing the conciliators of the private Bureaus. In an annual average of 7955 cases put down for hearing before the general Courts 4789, or three-fifths, were withdrawn before hearing. A system which can show such results in the conciliation of contending parties and in the prevention of costly appeals, and yet at the same time secure substantial justice to all concerned, is well worthy of the careful consideration of social economists and of the general public.

The Champion Kisser.

The return of Miss Alice Harrison to the city of San Francisco recalls an incident of her career when a member of the famous California Company of four or five years ago, which may still provoke a smile from those who witnessed the occurrence in question. About the time of Miss H.'s farewell benefit at that theatre General Sherman was visiting the city, and with his staff occupied a box of said performance. Now, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the military renown of the General of our armies, there is no dispute as to his being the champion kisser of our continent, and is known to frequently indulge in the proud boast that he has kissed 90 per cent. of all the pretty girls of the United States. His chief of staff once computted the General's kissing monthly average, taken all the year round, dry and wet seasons included, at about 1806, or say, in round numbers, about 22,000 kisses per each fiscal year. If the General had only added babies to the list of his subjects he would have kissed his way into the White House years ago; but his reluctance to waste valuable time and raw material in the pursuit of his hobby induces him, with the true instincts of a veteran professor of osculation, to select only the prettiest of the sex for that honor.

At the benefit referred to, no sooner did Miss Harrison appear on the stage than the old war-horse snuffed the battle from afar, and began to grow restless and uneasy. The staff winked at each other, and soon their chief suggested the propriety of going behind the scenes to compliment the beneficiary.

We must now ask our readers to accompany us to the little Danish settlement of Eericvland on the borders of the Baltic, in the year 1831. A village festival being held, and as usual the distinguished visitors gather to salute the girl who has taken the annual prize for cooking and virtue. There is a young American officer amid the number, who, instead of printing the customary chaste salute upon the cheek of the village celebrity, folds her in his sky blue arms and settles down on her frontispiece like a hydraulic pump on an assessment list. The minutes fly by, and just as the spectators are about drawing their stop watches on the last quarter the young officer comes to the surface again. As he recovers his exhausted wind the weather-beaten captain of a wrecking crew approaches, and says:

"Young man, I'll give you your own price to ship with me as a diver."

"And why?"

"Because you can hold your breath longer than any man in the business."

We merely relate this little incident to emphasize our story. The kisser was young Tecumseh. But to resume. As soon as the staff were behind the scenes General Sherman pitched in with the remark that he hadn't kissed anything since breakfast. He was standing in the middle of the stage, with his back to the curtain, and absorbed in bestowing a paternal kiss upon Alice, and feeling like a just admitted angel sliding down a buttered rainbow, when that impish young lady saw that the prompter was about to ring up the "drop." Quickly placing her hands over the General's ears so he could not hear the bell, she backed him against the curtain. As every one knows, this wound around a huge wooden roller on the inside of the canvas. The General's coat-tails were caught by this as the curtain went up, and before the prompter could reverse the motion, the astounded man was suspended about ten feet from the stage like a sheet from a clothes line.

The audience went off into hysterics of merriment, while the members of the staff lay down on the floor of their box and absolutely howled, for they only knew that those convulisvely clutching legs and venerable gaiters belonged to the Commander-in-chief of all our armies. But the first thing we know the General's coat tails will give way, so we will ring down the curtain.

Clothes-Pins.

Nearly all of the clothes-pins that find their way to market are manufactured in New England. The woods of which they are made are of white birch and beech, good for this use but for not much else. The logs are sawed off into lengths of sixteen and twenty-two inches. The latter are sawed up into little boards to make the boxes for packing the pins. The shorter lengths are sawed into strips of suitable thickness for pins by gang saws that make a block into strips quicker than you could say Hohokus. Then a gang of three saws cuts off the strips into five-inch lengths. Each pin is now just a squared block about five inches long and three-quarters of an inch square. In this shape they are fed out of the troughs into automatic lathes, each of which turns out eighty rounded pins per minute. With equal rapidity the knives of a slotting machine, set to work like a circular saw, bite out the sloping slot of each pin. When this is done they are thoroughly seasoned in drying kilns. The next process is polishing. Forty bushels of them are tossed together into a revolving drum, where they make each other smooth by their friction, and to finish them a little tallow is thrown in when they are almost done. That gives them a nice glossy surface. After all that they are packed in boxes—five gross in a box—by girls and are ready for the market.

Opposition is what we want and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self reliance.

Said a student of one college to a friend who was attending a rival institution: "Your college never turns out gentlemen." "No," was the reply. "Our college allows gentlemen to go right on and graduate."

THE DUDE.

Who strolls the Ave each afternoon;
Who whistles airs all out of tune,
And dons short coats cut too "soon?"
The Dude.

Observe his form. You can, for he
Wears pants as tight as tight can be—
(And pants for notoriety),
The Dude.

Who's stiff as statue cut in wood;
Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could;
A sort of nothing 'twixt the bad and good?
The Dude.

Who wears his hair all nice and banged;
And says, "By Jove, that Mrs. Langt-
Ry's chawming quite, or I'll be hanged?;'
The Dude.

Who drives a tandem through the park:
Says, "Life's, aw, such a jolly lark."
(Perhaps the Dude's the long sought
'Shark')?
The Dude.

Who goes to all receptions, teas;
Who smirks a smile at friends he sees;
And, for his health, sips sanagrees?
The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style;
Declares, "The weathah's thimply vile,
And lisps some dainty swear the while?
The Dude.

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage;
This funny speck on nature's page—
Conundrum of the modern age?
The Dude.

Who, then, can work the puzzle through—
Tell what it's for—what it can do?—
Guess what it is: I'll give it you—
The Dude.

Ethel's Error.

It was a dull, gray, dewy September eve as the emigrant train stopped at the little hamlet of Chicamauga, in the state of Susquehanna. From it sprang a young girl, wearily carrying a bundle on a toothpick across her finely-formed shoulder. A tear stood in her eye until it fell down, as she gazed on the caboose of the slowly receding train which had brought her back to the home she had left two years before.

"I wonder if Aunt Gruelton will be glad to have me back," she soliloquized, as she nearly fell over a barrel of pork which had been standing at the depot for a week waiting for the consignee to fetch it away.

It is a lovely place, Chicamauga, at any time, and trains only stop there once a week as a rule, but the conductor had been so moved by the tears of Ethel that he had consented to slow up and reduce the pace of the train to a walk to enable her to alight.

Ethel Evingslee was an orphan, brought up in a small cottage by a spinster aunt, Miss Tissie Gruelton, who struggled, out of a small legacy and the proceeds of a pumpkin patch, to make a living. Two years before Ethel had left her for the west, to study law in the great city of Berkeley, and try and earn a fortune in the superior courts of California, like Laura Debussy and several other bony, strong-minded things.

But Ethel was neither bony nor strong-minded. Her figure might have been modeled by Phidias, but it wasn't, for several reasons. Her velvety eyelashes drooped all over a cheek, the bloom on which was like that of the violet after it has been kissed by the sun-god arising from his salt-water bath at 4.55 A. M. on June 21 (vide almanac).

Her golden hair needed no jute switch to add to its glory. It was like an aurora borealis lit up by the rays of a thousand moons at their perigee, so to speak.

Her teeth were perfect, except three that had been filled, and one that was going; and her rosy lips would have made Venus weep for envy and leave heaven to come to earth and buy a bottle of carmine.

Such was Ethel Evingslee as she tripped daintily over the alkali prairie to Aunt Gruelton's cottage. She could not miss the road, for every rut was familiar to her, and Aunt Tissie's cottage was but fourteen miles from the depot.

As the lovely old home of her childhood loomed up with the nine hundred and ninety-nine memories of the past, Ethel's eyes filled with pearly tears. Yes, there were the nodding potatoes waving in their hills, the stately squashes lying lazily near their vines, and the tall apple trees laden with ruby and aureate fruit, and in the middle of all the darling old two-roomed farmhouse, where she had spent so many happy hours.

Aunt Tissie heard the gate open, and so did Bobbie, the watch-dog, erst once and formerly, a long time ago, a fierce mastiff, but now crippled with rheumatism and that dread disease, the mange.

As his only remaining eye fell on the form of Ethel, old Bobbie gave a cry of delight, and limped slowly to her with his affectionate tongue hanging out on the left side of his massive jaw.

"Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie!" cried Ethel, as regardless of her new polonaise, she knelt on the ground and pressed the almost hairless canine to her bosom, overcome with his devotion.

"But, Bobbie, I must hurry on and see Aunt Tissie," cried Ethel, and in another moment she was in the arms of her only relative, rapturously kissing away the floods of tears which joyfully oozed from the lachrymal glands of that dearest of souls, Miss Tissie Gruelton.

"Oh, auntie," cried Ethel, "it's like heaven to see you again and look at dear old Bobbie, too. He has actually dug up a piece of meat from the back yard, which he had buried, and is offering it to me as a sign of welcome."

"Ethel," said Aunt Gruelton, between her sobs of joy, "I think Providence must have sent you back to me. I am stricken with lumbago and have a touch of pleuro-pneumonia. I am unable to move from the house and there is neither flour nor Worcestershire sauce, no hominy nor canned green turtle, and not even a bit of wood to light the stove. Besides this, there is a large mortgage on the property, and I have not a cent in the house with which to buy oleomargarine."

"Never mind, auntie, we're right side up, bet yer boots, as they say at Berkeley. I've come home to run a model farm, you can wage your sweet life, and I've got three cans of oysters in my bundle, and a lot of pears, and we'll have a banquet in three minutes by my patent stem-winder."

It was a scene never to be forgotten to see Ethel take off her things, collect some old fence rails, split them, light the fire, and run out with her merry laugh to watch the blue smoke ascending like a liberated Peri to the gates of paradise.

Oh, if you could have seen that couple an hour later, after Ethel had washed up. There she sat, with her dainty dimpled arms around Aunt Tissie's neck, and a large smudge of pot-black, which almost seemed to kiss her pretty nose, telling Aunt Tissie her story.

"I can never be a lawyer, auntie. I did not pass a single examination, and I hate Blackstone, but you must let me rub some mustang liniment on your back and cure your lumbago, and then I'll fix you a regular snifter out of some old rye which I've got in my bundle—a sockdolager of a toddy that'll make you dream you're a bad old darling from Bitter Creek."

"My own dear darling," murmured Aunt Tissie.

"And I'll be up at daylight," said Ethel, a dreamy smile floating over her marble brow, "and get in the pumpkins and a load of apples and take 'em to market, and we'll be all hunkey, auntie. Why, I should blush to simper, Aunt Tissie. Now go to bed and say your prayers. Here's your toddy, throw it down, and before you're awake I'll have the pumpkin patch clear. Kiss Effie. Now go to sleep. That's the racket," and the affectionate girl turned off the gas and left her aunt to slumber.

It was hardly dawn when Ethel tripped into the pumpkin patch, and, before Aunt Tissie had slept off the effects of her composing draught, Ethel had cleared half an acre and got two wagon loads of pumpkins ready for the market. "I guess I'll get outside o' suthin'," she said to herself. "This pumpkin pilin' ain't no slouch of a job. Wish I had a lime, though. However, its just a healthy straight."

So saying the fairy Ethel, glowing with ruddy health, her gorgeous hair only half hidden by a green sun-bonnet, and her dimpled, round arms bare to the elbow, tripped into the house, looking like some sweet angel just dropped out of paradise to brighten our sad earth.

She came back in a minute or two, wiping her dainty lips on her elbow, country fashion, and murmuring: "Oh, my! wasn't that a snorter?" was about to resume her work, when she was conscious of the presence of a stranger.

He was leaning over the fence, gazing silently at her, with a gun over his shoulder and in one hand a couple of dead hares.

In person he was tall and erect, his manly figure set off by three diamond studs and a velvet coat. A long, silky moustache fell carelessly on his vest, which he pulled down from time to time. His hair was as black as the wing of a raven. His nose was aquiline, and his eyes large, melting, and æsthetic. His shapely legs were swathed in silken shoon, and a large gold watch-chain that drooped, like the cypress, nearly to his knee, completed his neglige attire.

"One of old Bolliver's farm laborers, I guess," said Ethel to herself. "He's out early. I wish he'd give me one of them rabbits, though. Say, boss," she cried, timidly, a blush at her hardihood suffusing her check and making her look like a canned tomato; "say, boss, give us a hare, will yer? I'll bet my pile you're hungry and ain't had no breakfast. If yer'll skin it and clean it I'll cook it right off, and we'll divvy on the bird. What d'yer soy?"

In clear, manly tones, that rang like a clarion through the still morning air, the stranger answered: "Certainly, miss, I shall be only too delighted," and springing over the six-foot fence, he was at her side in a moment.

"You're a bully jumper," she said innocently, as he approached her, and then, as she looked up into his eyes and saw the great depth of tenderness that protruded from his azure optics, she cast her own down timidly, and continued in a low tone: "I am afraid you'll think me very rude, but I guessed you were one of old Bolliver's farm hands, so I called you. I am just from the law schools of California, so you must pardon me if I was impolite."

"You guessed right," he replied, in a superb baritone voice. "I am a farm hand, and they call me Dick, and I accept your invitation to breakfast, and will prepare the hare without more ado."

"Why ain't you smart, Dick?" she said. "You rip him up and leave me the pelt for my old aunt for a night-cap, and I'll put the water on to boil. Hurry up, Dick!"

As she ran into the house the stranger, who had pulled out a gold-handled dagger, deftly prepared the hare. In ten minutes it was in the pot, and an hour after the two were sitting on the porch enjoying a delicious hare stew.

"Sorry I ain't got no jelly, Dick," Ethel was saying; "but if you'll tell Bolliver I want to borrow one of his wagons, so as I can sell Aunt Tissie's pumpkins, I'll lay in a lot of groceries that'll make your mouth water. Why, there is old Bolliver coming. Great sakes, ain't that bully?"

She rose to meet him, and after a hearty hand-shake she said: "Pesky glad you dropped over. I got here last night, and want to borrow one of your wagons and your man Dick to make two trips to market."

"My man Dick?" said Farmer Bolliver.

"Why, Ethel, this is the Hon. Cyril Waterberry, the banker and member for Susquehanna, who holds a mortgage over your mother's farm. Let me introduce you—Miss Ethel Elvingslee Mr. Cyril Waterberry."

Ethel's face was crimson now, as she gave him her hand and murmured, "Jumping Jehosaphat, Great Scott!"

"Can you forgive me, Mr. Waterberry?" she almost whispered,

"Forgive you," he replied, passionately, and in another moment she was in his arms, weeping the first tears that welled up all over his coat from her new found love.

But he drove her to market all the same, and sold the pumpkins and to-day Aunt Tessie has a deed of gift to her homestead and a new cottage on it. Mr. and Mrs. Waterberry reside chiefly at Washington spending the summer at Lake Como, and thus the rich young banker and rising politician found his bride and they both bless the morn, the happy morn, that brought them together, through Ethel's error.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

Idle British Youth.

Hundreds and thousands of young men in this country spend their whole existence in the battle with time. They have absolutely nothing whatever to do except to kill it. Beyond the racecourse, the covert and the hunting-field they have no appreciable interest. The blackguardism which which was universal among the golden youth of five-and-twenty years ago may be veneered by social affectations, but the quality, the fibre and the tastes of the race are unchanged. Our insular brutality has been crossed by a strain of exotic dandyism, and the attractions of two or three play-houses have eclipsed the charms of the ratting-ring and the cider cellars. While, as is only fair to say, the courage of our young men remains what it has been at all stages of our history, they are as desperately intelligent as ever. Art, literature and politics are as much sealed books as ever to the "chappies" and "mashers" of the period. The dullness of metropolitan dissipation is periodically relieved by rural recreations, to which a flavor is given by their latent or avowed ferocity. Our young barbarians—and, for that matter, our old barbarians—must, when they are in the country, have their appetities whetted by blood. To kill something during the day, to crown the exploits of the day with a dinner substantial enough for Squire Western, to lounge afterwards on chairs and sofas in a state of suporific stupor—so runs the interesting programme. The more closely the culture and civilization of the age are examined the more apparent will be the basis of cruelty upon which the whole social structure rests. The condition of English schools, public and private, has improved enormously in the course of the last fifty years; but there are no signs whatever that the mutual intercourse of English school-boys is becoming purged of its inveterate taint of savagery. Our sons are still brought up to believe that there can be nothing free or manly in a system which does not accord the privilege to inflict a maximum of mutual discomfort and misery. We are told this constitutes an essential part of a genuinely English training, and perhaps that may be the case. At any rate it is not to be wondered at if the boys who start life with these ideas develop into the men to whom there can be no perfect enjoyment without the consciousness of "killing something," and if after a time the mere enjoyment of killing is subordinated to the legitimate pleasure of sport.

A Chinese Funeral.

It is the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door.

The inhabitants of the province of Fuhkein are in the habit of placing a small piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof, to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from his body; their belief being that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him; and three souls—one of which enters Elysium and receives judgment; another resides with the tablet which is prepared to commemorate the deceased; and the third dwells in his tomb.

The intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning color of China. Priests and women hired to mourn are sent for at the same time; and on their arrival a table is set out with meats, fruits, lighted candles and joss-sticks, for the delectation of the souls of the deceased; and the wailing and weeping of the mourning-women is relieved at intervals by the intoned prayers of the priest or the discordant "tom-tomming" of "musicians" who have also been called to assist in the ceremonies. The women weep and lament with an energy and dolefulness which, if genuine, would be highly commendable; but ungenerous "barbarians" of extensive acquaintance with the Chinese assert that this apparently overwhelming grief is, at least in the majority of cases, mere sham.

In regard to the nearest relatives of the deceased, it would be uncharitable to presume there is not a considerable amount of real grief beneath all this weeping and wailing; but hired mourners, who are usually the most demonstrative on these occasions, can hardly be expected to launch every other day into convulsive lamentations of a genuine nature over the death of individuals thay hardly know by name. As it is, the priest usually directs these emotional demonstrations much in the same way as a conductor controls the performance of a band of musicians; now there are a few irregular wails, then a burst of them, relieved in turn by a few nasal notes from the priest, the intervals being filled up by the "tom-toms," and an occasional titter from the latest comers.

Nobody in course of transportation from one part of China to another for the purpose of interment is allowed to pass through any walled town. No corpse, either, is ever allowed to be carried across a landing-place or to pass through a gateway which can in any way be construed as pertaining to the Emperor. The Chinese are, indeed, so superstitious in regard to death, as seldom to mention that word itself, preferring to take refuge in a circumlocution—such, for instance, as "having become immortal."

After the body of the deceased is washed, it is dressed in the best clothes which belonged to the man in his lifetime, a hat being placed on his head, a fan in his hand, and shoes on his feet, the idea being that he will be clothed in these habiliments in Elysium, and consequently that he must appear there as a respectable and superior member of society.

At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies, gilt and silvered paper in the shape of coins and sycee bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world, where it will be recoined into solid cash; and clothes, sedan-chairs, furniture, buffaloes and horses made of paper are transferred on the same principle to the "better land" for the benefit of the dead.

Among the poor the bodies are put in the cemeteries, but it is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the coffined bodies of their relatives in their houses for long periods—sometimes for ears.

Gems.

The lives of great men all remind us that the best of them can do foolish things.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

When you travel from vice to virtue you ride on a corduroy road and get many a bump; but when you go from virtue to vice it is just as easy as to slide down hill.

THE habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

POLITENESS.—The fountain of true politeness is a good and generous heart. It consists less in exterior manners than in the spirit that is developed on conductinn the true intercourse of iciety.

A Man's Age.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of dissappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes very suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to turn the weak to burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, mostly live their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig, or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred, but instead of that he scarcely reaches on an average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but laborious and hardworked of all animals. He is the most irritable of all animals and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what animals secretly feel, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

A Magnificent Brigade.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade, of London, controls 124 fire-escape stations, four floating stations, three large land steam fire engines, thirty-eight small land steam fire engines, seventy-eight six-inch manual fire engines, thirty-seven under six-inch manual fire engines, 144 fire-escapes and long scaling ladders, three floating steam fire engines, two steam tugs, four barges, fifty-two hose carts, fourteen vans, thirteen wagons for street stations, two trollies, two ladder trucks, forty-nine telegraph lines, seventeen telephone lines, eleven fire-alarm circuits, with seventy-seven call points; 576 firemen, including chief officer, second officer, superintendents, and all ranks. The number of fire alarms during 1882 in London was 2341, but of these 254 were false alarms, and 161 were mere "chimney alarms." One hundred and sixty-four fires resulted in serious damage, and 1762 in slight damage. The number of persons seriously endangered by fire during 1882 was 175; of these 139 were saved and thirty-six were lost, twenty-two of whom were taken out alive, but died afterward, and fourteen were suffocated or burned to death. During the year there were 121 injuries to firemen, of which many were serious and three were fatal.

Absurdities of Men's Dress.

Trousers are not economical, inasmuch as they get baggy at the knee long before they are worn out, and they are always getting dirty at the ankles. They are not specially adapted for cold or wet. On a wet day it is the part from the knee downward that catches the rain and necessitates the changing of the whole garment. Indeed, it is the way in which they ignore the knee-joint which renders trousers so practically objectionable. It is at this joint that they not only spoil their own shape but inflict a sense of tightness over the whole body by means of braces.

Why are buttons placed on the back of a coat? Mr. Gotch remarks that the tailor says they are there to "mark the waist." But why should the waist be marked? As a matter of fact, the only reason for the existence of these two buttons is they are a survival of the time when they were of use, when men buttoned back the long flaps of their coats in order to walk more freely, or found them useful in sustaining the sword belt. We have no flaps now; we wear no swords now; then why keep the two buttons? Another rudimentary article may be found at the end of the sleeve. There is always a cuff, marked generally by a double row of stitches, which perform no useful service unless it be to remind us that our grandfathers had facing on their sleeves, and that the little fluttons which still appear at the end were of real use when the sleeves were tight at the wrist. Another inevitable feature of the coat is the collar. In old times this collar was of some service; it was large an turned up well in inclement weather; in order to admit of it buttoning properly around the neck a nick was necessary. But though we hardly ever think of turning up an ordinary coat collar, and find it of little use if we do, we still preserve both it and the nick as survivals. The stove-pipe hat, too, is only the the carcass on which our ancestors were wont to display ribbons and knots and other gauds. In itself it is both ugly and uncomfortable. Then we wear absurb neckties that do not tie, and pins that do not pin.

Field Mice in France.

Darwin's familiar paradox, that the fertilization of certain flowers may depend upon the number of cats in their neighborhood, has an illustration, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, now in France, where it may even be carried a step further. Any observer who knows the French rural districts well must be struck by the immense number of mouse holes which may be seen in some places. The surface of the ground at times has quite the appearance of a network of little burrows, where it would be impossible for one of the field-bees required for the fertilization of Mr. Darwin's flowers to find a secure spot for its nest. In the Department of the Seine alone it has just been calculated by a special commission that these field mice have cost the farmers no less than thirteen million francs. The climate seems to be especially favorable to these creatures, and the population being sparse, the number of cats is few, and the mice increase and multiply beyond belief. Arsenic has been tried in the open; but the hares and rabbits get killed first; and now the plan adopted is to construct heaps or small stacks of straw, to which the mice resort in myriads. These heaps are placed partly below the level of the ground, and securely packed and covered in, being first stored with poisoned beetroots, turnips and carrots. This plan is said to be succeeding well, and without harm to the hares and rabbits.

Knowledge in a Nutshell.

A cubit is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A palm is three inches.
A league is three miles.
A span is 10½ inches.
There are 2750 languages.
A great cubit is eleven feet.
Two persons die every second.
Bran, twenty pounds per bushel.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A barrel of ice weighs 600 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
An acre contains 4840 square yards.
Oats, thirty-three pounds per bushel.
A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches.
A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour.
A rapid river flows seven miles per hour.
Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel.
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Coarse salt, eighty-five pounds per bushel.
A tub of water weighs eighty-four pounds.
The average human life is thirty-one years.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds per bushel.
The first steam-boat plied the Hudson in 1807.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

A Cool Tramp and a Cool Maiden.

A well-known printer's family met with a singular experience on Monday. The daughter answered a knock at the door. An old tramp asked for "a bite." She didn't like his looks and told him so and he left. Shortly after his disappearance a neighbor's daughter came in and told the printer's daughter that the latter's clothes (an entire washing) had just been stolen by the man she had turned from the door; that he had taken them all down and done them up in a bundle before asking for the bite and lugged them off at his leisure. The two young ladies started in pursuit. At the Southport depot they learned that the bundle and the man went down the railroad. They followed and soon over took him. "We want those clothes you stole from us!" said the printer's daughter. "H'm! Well, I don't know that you can have 'em," said he, coolly turning over the bundle. "There's a shirt or wrapper missing," said she, after looking them over; "now, what have you done with it?" "Got it on!" said the tramp, opening his vest to prove it. "Well, off with it, then!" said the plucky maiden. "What! Here?" The maiden paused in a predicament. A gentleman friend was near, and she hailed him, telling him about the trouble. The gentleman friend took the tramp into the bushes near the engine works and got the shirt.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., June 28, 1883.

Here comes the same old story from Chicago, on 18 : This afternoon Adolph Ehrke, a bricklayer, fired two bullets into his wife's head and then blew out his own brains, dying instantly. It is thought the woman cannot recover. The deed was committed because the woman had applied for a divorce.

A clerk in a United States pension office said that it was his rule to believe every person that came in was a liar. "Hard?" he exclaimed. "You wouldn't think so if you had our experience. Perjury is nothing to what people will do to get pensions that don't belong to them. You wouldn't suppose that a great many women, for the sake of $8 a month, would turn their marriage into adultery—illegalize their marital relations and their children. Well, I'd be willing to bet that there are 10,000 such cases. It happens in this way: A pension to a soldier's widow ceases whenever she remarries. But of course the law takes no notice of any irregular relations which she may enter into. So, if she is willing to do without any ceremony, and thus really fail to become the lawful wife of her new consort, she can continue to draw her pension money. Periodically she must come to this or some other pension office and make oath that she is not a wife. I have frequently known them to bring along their children when they make this shameful avowal. Astonishing, isn't it ?"

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

An important bill for safety in case of fire of persons employed in factories and othet buildings needing fire escapes has been signed by the governor, it having passed both branches of the legislature. The bill prescribes that all buildings needing fire escapes shall, in addition, have securely fastened to six window heads chains ten feet long, to which shall be attached thick ropes of sufficient length to reach to the ground. The ropes are to be placed on the window sills, and must be accessible to anybody in the building. Hotels must provide every room above the second story with such chains and ropes. Failure to comply with these regulations renders the offender liable to a fine of $300, and to damages arising from loss of life or limb in case of fire. The third section of the act prescribes that "tenants or lessees of any building used for the purpose of manufacturing, hotel, boarding house, seminary or other building which is required by law to have fire escapes attached, and to which such fire escapes have not been erected, after giving the landlord or his agent thirty days notice to erect suitable fire escapes, and on his refusal or neglect to erect the same within the time specified in said notice, may erect and maintain suitable and legal fire escapes, and collect the cost of erection and maintenance from the landlord or his agent in an action the same as for debt, or may set off the cost thereof against rent then due or thereafter coming due."

DORSEY EXPLAINS.

Ex Senator Dorsey's letter in regard to the records of the Republican National Committee is looked upon as the beginning of an active warfare on his party against the members of that organization who "had not the courage or manhood to resent the miserable cowardice of an ambitious hypocrite."

Mr. Dorsey was asked the other evening who he meant by "ambitious hypocrite."

"I meant Senator Logan," was the reply, "and I can prove the assertion. Let me tell you a significant circumstance, which is directly in the line of corroboration of what I have said. Last January the National Republican Committee met at the Arlington Hotel in this city. Before it adjourned Logan had a resolution passed thanking Charles A. Hooker, Assistant Secretary, and Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives of the Forty-seventh Congress, for his services during the campaign of 1880. My name was not included in the resolution. I did not care much for that fact, but it was a deliberate insult to me. Hooker did the work during the campaign, while every politician of note, including Garfield and Arthur, had personally thanked me for valuable services rendered the party. In view of the fact that I was charged with all the dirty and mean work in Indiana, perhaps I was entitled to some little recognition at that time. Logan acted in this manner from purely selfish motives. There was an understanding betweet Logan and Hooker. The latter was to give Logan the Vermont delegation in the next National Republican Convention. Logan was to give Hooker his support for Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate to succeed Colonel Dick Bright. I do not think Hooker can deliver the vote of the Vermont delegation to Logan. A more treacherous man and bigger demagogue does not exist than the senior Senator from Illinois. If he should get the Presidential nomination next year I will give him one of the worst rackets that ever a politician got in this country. He would not be able to stand one moment before my batteries. Every thing I say I will prove. The country does not know Logan in his proper light. It will know him when I get after him. This is all I care to say."

——To keep cool in hot weather the best recipe we can offer is to get a summer suit at the Philad. Branch, for a few dollars, and you will not need ice-cold drinks to keep you cool. Try it, and see whether it does not answer better than a brandy-smash, gin cock-tail, soda-water, lemonade or ice-water, saving all the money wasted on these, besides the great saving on the suit you buy.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first days use. Marvelous cures. Treaties and $2.00 trial bottles free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Philad., Pa. 11june y

——The Penn Harrow for sale by Alexander & Co. tf

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Work Given Out. On receipt of your address we will make an offer by which you can earn $3 to $7 evenings, at your home. Men, women, boys or girls can do it. H. C. WILKINSON & Co., 195 Fulton St., New York. 10may6t

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Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

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Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.
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NEW GROCERY
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R. F. Vonada will keep staple groceries, pure and fresh, and low in price.

COFFEES, SUGARS,
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CANNED GOODS,
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HAM, DRIED BEEF
COAL OIL,
FISH, SALT
BEST OYSTERS
CRACKERS, &c. &c.

☞All kinds of Country Produce wanted, and highest market prices paid for it. 11jantf

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of John K. Runkle, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, she would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
29may6t LUCINDA RUNKLE, Adm'r. Centre Hill, Pa.

28th Year—35th Season
—FOR—
BAUGH'S STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

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—Guaranteed Analysis Printed on— Each Bag.

☞Send for Circular. Address,

BAUGH & SONS,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
20 South Delaware Ave., Philad
24may6t

While under the influence of strong drink two men who were driving recklessly near Ashland, Pa., were thrown from a wagon into a deep chasm and killed. The chasm was 300 feet deep.

INFLUENCE OF THE SOIL ON HEALTH.

The influence of the soil upon the health of those living upon it, is brought out very plainly during the prevalence of epidemic diseases. That malarial diseases (like intermittent fevers) originate from the soil, is already excepted ; and recent investigations show pretty conclusively that the germs of Cholera, Abdominal Typhus, Yellow Fever, and the plague are in some way connected with the soil, which is daily corroborated by letters from all parts of the country, stating marvelous effects of Peruna on those diseases, and in their own convalscent state. John E. Courtney, of Corry says : I am still getting better, thanks to your Peruna and Manalin. See page 24 in "Ills of Life."

SPRING OPENING '83.

Having completed shelving and fixing up my goods, I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to come and examine my goods, which consist of Clothing, Men's Furnishing Goods Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and the best assortment of Trunks and Valises in the county. I haven't $40,000.00 worth of goods, I am sorry to say, but what I have is new and of the latest styles. I have good goods, and some cheap goods. I have some of the very best make of the celebrated Rochester goods. I have them to suit young and old, rich and poor. I will not boast of what I will do, but if you give me a call I will do as I always havedone : treat you fair and honest and give you the value of your money, and don't you forget it.

Isaac Guggenheimer,
In New Addition to Bush's Arcade,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

P. S.—A full stock of the best Leather always on hand.

☞Cash paid for all kinds of hides.
26ap6m

NEW DEPARTURE.

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

F—O—R—— C—A—S—H

or its equivalent.

Thankful to my customers for their past patronage, I hope to meet them in the future at my old stand, where I am confident I can sell much CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and LOWER than elsewhere. Have determined to give my customers the benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. Respectfully.

I. J. GRENOBLE,
13july Spring Mills, Pa

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO.

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.

135 Men's Fine Wool Hats.....65 to 75 cents, elsewhere $1 25
135 Men's Finest Fur Hats.....1 25 worth 2 00 to 3 00.
" Some very Fine Hats among them.
126 pair Men's Dress Shoes.....$1 00, elsewhere $1 75
126 " " Sewed shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
126 " " Sewed Working Shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackning.....85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes...1 50 worth 2 50
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes.....1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet Walking shoes	75c	elsewhere	$1 50
" " " " "	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Cloth Langtry Walking Shoe	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes	75c	"	1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties	50c	"	1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 00
" four button Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 25
Lace Morocco Fine " "	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Newport Ties	75c	"	1 25
Patent Leather Tip	90c	"	1 65
Child's Yellow Slippers	15c	"	50
" " Button Shoes	45c	"	85
" Basket "	45c	"	90
" Lace Shoe	30c	"	50
" Button Shoe	40 & 45c	"	60
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button	40c	"	65
" " Spring Heel	40c	"	65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price	2 00	now	75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers	65c	elsewhere	1 25
Ladies Leather slippers	50c	"	75
Misses' button shoes	75 & 85c	"	1 25
Ladies " "	1 00 & 125	"	1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed	1 25	"	2 00
" fine lace shoes	90c	"	1 50
Misses fine button shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine button shoes	75c	"	1 50
Men's plain lace shoes	1 00	"	1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Men's spring bottom black Pants	75c	elsewhere	1 50
" black Pants	75c	"	1 50
" light Cassimere all wool Pants	1 25	"	2 00
" " " "	2 00	"	4 00
" black all wool Diagonal	2 00	"	4 00
" " "	3 00	"	4 50
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants	3 50	"	6 00
" ⅔ wool pants gray mixed	1 00		
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us	$4 to $5 for 1 50 to 2 00		

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL.

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.
We Are Overstocked.
10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50. 16 dollar suit down to 12 50.
8½ dollar suit down to 5½. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6½.
A few black Diagonal Suits at 4 dollars that is just half price. A few nearly all wool black Diagonal 5 dollars, elsewhere 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal Suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army Blue, very fine all wool 10 dollars, elsewhere 13 dollars.

Boys' and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit	1 50	elsewhere	3 00
A very fine blue " "	2 00	"	4 50
A very fine blue " "	3 50	"	6 00
Children's Suits, good quality	1 75	"	2 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years	2 00	"	4 50
Boys' suits, " " all wool	3 00	"	5 00
Boys' suits, " "	3 50	"	5 50

DRESS GOODS, SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE-HALF PRICE.

Fine Cheviot shirting		8c	elsewhere 12
Dress Plaids		8, 10, 12	elsewhere 12½ to 20
Bed Spreads at one-half		38, 50, 60, 75	" 75, 90, 1 00, 1 25
Another lot Brocaded Satteens			16c elsewhere 30
Another lot Brocaded Sateens			12½c elsewhere 30
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet			12½ old price 25

One Lot of Embroideries, about 2,500 Yards, at One-Half Price.
The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices.

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75	
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40	

One Lot of Crape Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, old price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are One-Half of Other's Prices. Sash Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

Child's regular made Hose..... 6 pair for 25c
One lot of all Silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon....25c a yd. actual value 75 & 1 00
Child's and Misses Hose..... 4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 10c

SEND FOR SAMPLES.
June 28 LYON & CO.

WAGONS!

CARRIAGES,
PHÆTONS,
BUGGIES,
ROAD CARTS.

For Terms and Prices address,

FISH BROS. & CO.,
RACINE, WIS.

Or call on

NOTE TO PUBLISHER.—Please cut off lower portion of the plate, [containing this note,] and should there be an agency for these vehicles in your locality, insert his or their name, and oblige
F. B. & CO.

Dentists.

DR. G. S. FRANK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Spring Mills, Pa.
All calls, day and night, promptly attended to. Office at Philip Shook's residence. 3ma52m

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14adr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Druggists.

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, —— DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept.

Hotels.

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
☞Free Buss to and from all trains.☜
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8juntf

BUTT'S HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA
FRANK X. LEMAN, Proprietor.
Best brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accomodations for Travelers and Commercial Men. Also Beer bottler. Terms reasonable. 29juntf.

8 acres of John Wanamaker General Store near New City Hall Philadelphia

STORED SOLAR MAGNETISM

Wilsonia Insoles. Wilsonia Appliances.

THE GRANDEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

These Insoles keep the feet dry and warm on the coldest days. Consult your health. Avoid colds, with all their consequent ills, by wearing a pair of WILSONIA MAGNETIC INSOLES. PRICE, 50 CENTS ☞ pairs for $1.00. FREE BY MAIL.

WILSONIA CURES ALL FORMS OF DISEASE.

It has been successful in eighty-five cases in each one hundred. For over three years in England and America these Appliances have been doing a marvelous work among invalids. No medicine required. So-called incurables taken from the hospitals and cured. Chronic invalids restored to the blessing of health. Thousands who have squandered their time, their money and best days experimenting with medicine without success, are to-day enjoying life by having worn Wilsonia. One says: "I would not take $1,000 for what Wilsonia has done for me in one week." Another, "I was paralyzed for five and a half years. Wilsonia cured me in a few months. I would not take $50,000 and be as I was one year ago." Another, "I had rheumatism for twenty-three years, suffering great pain. The Wilsonia Appliances have taken away all the pain, and I can dance like a boy." Another "I had catarrh and deafness and dyspepsia, for many years. Wilsonia has cured me entirely. Words cannot express my gratitude." Give size of shoe, and whether for lady or gentleman. Send price in stamps.

WILSONIA MAGNETIC CLOTHING CO.,
25 East 14th Street, New York.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to complete health, if such a thing is possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. J. F. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

LIGHT DRAFT COMBINATION PENN HARROW.

Best In The World.

Penn Harrow is made of the Best White Oak, with Steel Teeth, Wrought Steel Spring Teeth, Steel Scraper, Steel Clevis, Steel Axle, Steel Spindle, Steel Lever, Steel Lever Rod, Steel Lever Connection, Steel Lever Quadrant, Steel Lever Stop, Steel Lever Handle, Steel Lever Handle Grip, Steel Lever Handle Grip Nut, Steel Lever Handle Grip Washer, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Washer, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer Nut, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer Nut Washer, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut Washer, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut Washer, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut, Steel Lever Handle Grip Screw Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut Washer Nut 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DOLL & MINGLE,

Boots and Shoes.

—Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,—

All Goods Bought Direct From Manufactures----

Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes,
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Mens Fine Shoes.

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No 10 Brockerhoff Row.

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HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

THE CENTRE REPORTER, SUPPLEMENT.

CENTRE HALL, PA. June 28, 1883.

In Paducah, Ky., the other day two sparrows got into a fight and tried to drown each other in the stream flowing down a street gutter. After a long and desperate struggle one got the other's head under and kept it there until life was extict. A large number of birds gathered around the victor and chattered to it as it sat on a limb rearranging its toilet. The fight was witnessed by more than one hundred people.

A North Carolina girl has been struck by lightning twice, has been on the train when it was attacked by robbers twice, has been apparently drowned once and met with numerous accidents with horses, and still she is hale, hearty, free of the bonds of matrimony and ready for all the accidents of life.

CENTRE HALL

Carriage Shops.

J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP.
(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)

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Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
SLEIGHS
and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Prices low and all work turned out first-class.
COME AND SEE OUR WORK
jan27

Banks

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,
CENTRE HALL.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF, Pres. W. B. MINGLE, Cashier

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO
BELLEFONTE, PA.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits and
Allow Interest;
Discount Notes;
Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
JAS. A. BEAVER, Pres. J D. SHUGERT Cashier

Cards—Attorneys.

JOHN BLAIR LYNN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont.
feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law
Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

GRAHAM & SON,
MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS
IN
BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.

If you want good, honest Boots and Shoes—goods that you will be pleased with—buy the following makes, and you will get the best:
E. C. BURTS'
Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.
HANAN & SON'S,
New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted.
J H. BYRMESS'
Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.
In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of
MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS,
PLOW SHOES, BROGANS,
& SLIPPERS
of every description, at the lowest figures.
☞Remember the place, on Corner of
BROCKERHOFF ROW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
17may

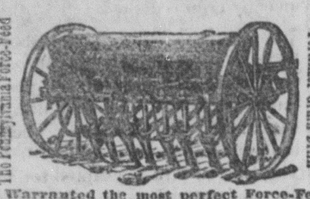
Wise people are always on the outlook for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We want many men, women boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfits furnished free. No one engaged fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only in your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON &UO Portland, Maine. 1jan1y

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.



The Pennsylvania Force-Feed Fertilizer Grain Drill.

Warranted the most perfect Force-Feed Fertilizer Drill in existence. Send for circular. A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.

Farquhar's Standard Engines & Saw Mills.

Address, A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

STEAM ENGINES,

A. B. FARQUHAR, York Pa.

Cheapest and best for all purposes—simple, strong and durable. Saw, Grist Mills and Machinery generally. Inquiries promptly answered. Send for Illustrated Catalogue

Vertical Engines, with or without wheels, very convenient, economical and complete in every detail, best and cheapest Vertical in the world. Fig. 1. In Engine in use. Fig. 2 ready for use.

Send for Catalogue

Fig. 2.

THE FARQUHAR SEPARATOR

(Warranted.)

Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.

Horse Powers, Engines, Threshers, Clover Hullers, Saw Mills of all kinds. Also Forges, Cultivators, &c., &c.

Lightest draft and most simple, compact, sound and perfect in use. Wastes no grain cleans it ready for market.

Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

FARQUHAR KEYSTONE CORN PLANTER

Warranted the best corn dropper and most perfect force-feed fertilizer distributor in the world. Send for Catalogue. Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

ONLY $20.

PHILADELPHIA SINGER

Is the BEST BUILT, FINEST FINISHED, EASIEST RUNNING SINGER MACHINE ever offered the public.

The above cut represents the most popular style for the people which we offer you for the very low price of $20. Remember, we do not ask you to pay until you have seen the machine. After having examined it, if it is not all we represent, return it to us at our expense. Consult your interests and order at once, or send for circulars and testimonials. Address

CHARLES A. WOOD & CO.
No. 17 N. Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

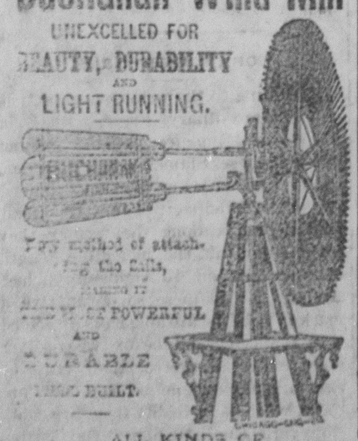
FLINT, WALLING & CO.

THE BEST SOLID WHEEL MILL BUILT
SELF GOVERNING
SIMPLE & PERFECT IN CONSTRUCTION
WILL STAND ANY WIND
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
FLINT, WALLING & CO.
KENDALLVILLE, — IND.
BRANCH HOUSE LAFAYETTE, IND.

THE

Buchanan Wind Mill

UNEXCELLED FOR BEAUTY, DURABILITY AND LIGHT RUNNING.



Easy method of attaching the Sails, making it also very powerful and durable when built.

ALL KINDS OF TANKS, PIPE, PUMPS, Etc.

Be sure to send for our new Catalogue before buying.

BUCHANAN WIND MILL CO.,
BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN.

C. HEWES,
Attorney-at-Law.
Practices in all the Courts. Office in the Parot building, Bellefonte. 2maytf

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jun 28, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

A Lion's Sore Foot.

A huge male lion in the Dublin Zoological Gardens, that had for several days refused food and grown furious with evident pain from a lame paw, was closely watched by the surgeon of the institution, Dr. Samuel Houghton, and found to be suffering from an ingrowing "toe-nail." The spot had become a festered sore, and Dr. Houghton at once proceeded to lance it and remove the offending nail.

A foreign correspondent of the New York *News* describes the performance which followed: The spirited surgeon devised and caused to be constructed in the lion's den an elaborate and powerful arrangement of ropes, pulleys, and windlasses. One morning, as the king of the forest was striding backward and forward in his cage, in even a more terrible temper than usual, he found himself suddenly whisked up by the powerful pulleys, and when he fell on his side, close by the bars of the cage, he was strapped down with great ropes and leather, and the wounded foot was lashed in such a position that the limb protruted through the grating. Then the doctor, in his shirt-sleeves, a quiet smile on his spectacled face, stepped forward with his knife and with a few firm, rapid slashes performed the necessary operation.

The roar which the lion gave when the knife was plunged into the ball of his foot was a notable noise; and the struggles of the brute to break his bonds would, no doubt, have presented a spectacle of much interest if one could have witnessed them, say through a hole in the roof, but, contemplated from within a few feet of the lion, which sometimes appeared as if he was about literally to pull the house down, the progress of the exciting operation was attended more by anxious considerations of self than of science.

In my time I have seen and heard a five-story house, fully furnished, suddenly collapse and tumble into the street. It gave a very respectable roar as it did so, but it was only as the bark of a dog compared with the roar with which the lion gave expression to his mingled feelings of rage, terror and pain. Two savans left the place hurriedly; they subsequently stated that the temperature became too hot for them.

After about half an hour's hideous howling and desperate writhing and plunging the poor brute lay exhansted, panting and throbbing and uttering low, piteous moans, which affected those who heard and saw them, more than the wild uproar of his savage passions.

All the time the little doctor, into whose genial countenance flashed the fierce fire from the lion's eyes, kept on cutting, picking, cleansing and bandaging, and when he wiped his knife and said the thing was done every body present felt gratefully relieved for a variety of reasons.

When the lion was released from the ropes it was expected that he would fling himself against the barr of the cage in a new fury. But he didn't; he threw himself with a heavy thud full length on the floor of the den, and lifting the bandaged limb, made a noise which conveyed the idea of stupendous sobbing.

Don't Take.

The prince of Wales has been represented as summoning Edwin Booth into the presence of his royal highness to to inquire how Mrs. Langtry would "take in Hamerica, you know." The gold sleeve-button in waiting can tell the expectant Edward that "Mrs. Langtry did not take at all, you know."—"Those blarsted Yankees say they 'ave better game in their own Adirondacks, you know." "I've 'erd," says the great king that hopes to be hereafter, "that even they 'ave game in Jones' woods, quite near 'Ell Gate." "It was a gwate mistake," the master of the hounds might say, "that so fair a game went abroad to be made game of." Let the royal falconer trumpet it to the royal tiger-hunter to find a new pond-lily for a man whose chief occupation is rather of the active than the æsthetic taste.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Unlucky Hunter.

Of one of the sportsmen who came home empty-handed from the annual hunt Sunday, the following is related: He was returning disgusted, when he met an acquaintance, the keeper of a country store.

"What luck?" asked the rural gentleman.

"I did not wing a bird. This is the first time such a thing has happened to me in all my life!"

The acquaintance laughed at this privileged lie, and replied:

"Well, it will never do for you to go to the club without something. I've got a tame fox in my back yard, of which I am grewing tired. How much will a fox count?"

"One hundred points."

"Well, come in and slay that Reynard."

The Nimrod descended from his wagon and followed the countryman into the back yard. The fox was led out by a string and fastened to a stake.

"Now, blaze away, old man!"

The sportsman took a position suitably distance and discharged his gun. When the smoke cleared away no fox was to be seen. The shot from the gun had cut the string, and his lordship had slipped through a hole in the fence. It is idle to describe the despair and chagrin of Nimrod.—*Mobile Register.*

BLESSINGS.

Have you disease of any kind?
Are you bereft of health?
Or are you sore distressed in mind,
Regardless of your wealth?
If so you have a friend at hand—
A great book—"Ills of Life;"
Now other like it in the land,
With blessings it is rife!—Peruna

It is stated that an order has been issued by the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. for a reduction of the wages paid employes over sixty years of age. Those who have been receiving $1.70 per day have been reduced to $1.10, and those receiving $1.40 to $1. The reduction dates from the 1st instant.

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Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY,
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S. & A. LOEB.

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Lower now than for years past.

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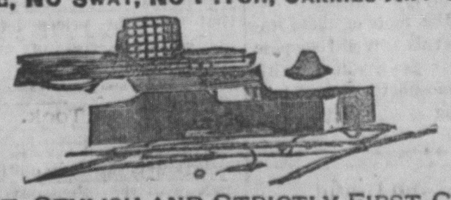

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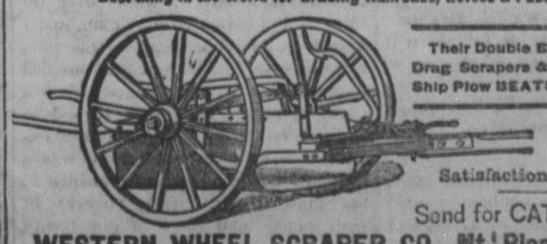

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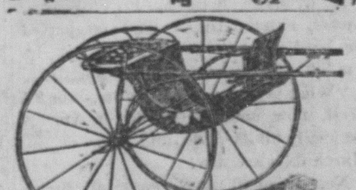

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Scraps.

What Saved Him.

A young wife had just settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house his wife, who was very much shocked, told him he was sick and must lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortable on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was a reddish purple, and altogether he was pitiable-looking object.

The doctor was sent for in haste, and mustard applied to the patient's feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse and examined him, and found that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved close, and blisters were applied.

The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters eating into his flesh, it was not until near morning that he began to beat about disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to the most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife; "you have been sick."

"I am not sick."

"O, yes you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet."

"They are blistered."

"Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his hands and feet still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "If I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and above all, don't blister me again."

"O, indeed I will! All that saved you were the blisters. And if you have another such spell I shall be more frightened than ever; for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die, unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defense. Suffice is to say that he never had another attack.

The editor wrote that "he was a member of an old family of musicians," and when it appeared in the paper it read "a member of an old family of nuisances." One assertion was just as true as the other; but the editor nearly swore.

The Washington *Capital* remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who may not find our paper in their mail, can understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindness."

Josh Billings has found one thing that money cannot buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail. It is an honest expression of opinion on the part of the dog.

A drunken man at Fort Worth, Texas, entered the circus and patted the big lion on the head. The arm he has left will do to turn a hand-organ.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Well, now and then a day in April is decidedly under-done, and some of the March days are raw.

Next we shall have a coat tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean, "I don't like her father."

The girl with the empty pocketbook is the one that looks into jewelry windows most.

A Gama Estate.

The private estate of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which will pass to the Duke of Edinburgh, affords some of the best shooting in Europe, for the sport in the Duke's Thuringian forests is nowhere surpassed in Germany. Every species of game bred is to be found there; but the wild boar are the great feature, and the Thiergarten in which these animals are preserved is as large as an ordinary deer-park, and is enclosed by a strong and high stockade, the whole being left entirely wild. There are numerous dens among the brushwood, which the boars have themselves constructed, and there are feeding-places, to which the keepers go twice a day to scatter food. The animals are summoned by the blowing of a horn, but they are so regular in their habits that they are usually to be found in the neighborhood of the pens at the appointed time. There are about a dozen wild-boar preserves in various parts of he Duchy.

Horticultural.

Cultivating Tuberoses.

Tuberose bulbs, in order to preserve their germs, which will perish in a low temperature if accompanied with moisture, need to be kept dry and warm. The temperature should not fall below 65, and near 70 is better. A drawer in a warm room is a good place to keep them in the best condition. Take the old bulb and remove each small one separatly. Sometimes the young bulbs need another season's growth to be strong enough to bloom. A bulb never blooms but once. A good plan in this climate would be to start the bulbs about the first of February, in four-inch pots, or tin cans will do, as they are not to be set in the window. Set them on a high shelf back or near the kitchen stove, or other warm place, and water just enough to keep them from drying out. When the leaf bulbs begin to start, give a little more water; turn at the side of the pot, never on the bulb. When the season becomes warm, transplant to the open ground—being careful to disturb them as little as possible in transplanting. I have treated bulbs in this way that gave me blossoms on the Fourth of July, and during the season thirty-three blossoms on the stem.

How to Keep Cut Flowers.

A reporter found his way into a florist's yesterday afternoon, and feasted his eyes and nose on the beautiful buds that lay in bouquets there.

"How long will this clove pink last?" he inquired.

"Oh, with care, a week or ten days. A solid rosebud will last about the same time. There's a good deal in knowing haw to keep flowers fresh."

"Do you use any preparations? Any salt in the water, or ammonia, or the like?"

"Not at all. That's all nonsense. All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh is to keep them moist and cool. If people, instead of dipping flowers in water, would simply wrap them up in a wet newspaper, they would find that they would keep far fresher over night. A wet towel or napkin would be two heavy and crush the blooms too much, and, besides, it would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily. See that box of buds? They were packed in Boston on Monday in wet paper, and you might say they are fresher now than when they came off the bush."

"Why do you send clear to Boston for rose buds? Haven't you got the same kind of roses here?"

"Exactly the same kind, but they won't grow so nicely here. Take this Boston bud, for example, and put i beside a native bud. They are of exactly the same variety, both being Bon Silenes. But the stem of the Boston bud is far longer and stouter than that of the native bud. The colors are far more brilliant and the bud is more durable. When the stem is long and thick we don't have to use so much wire to strenghten it, and that makes it much more convenient."

"What advantage has Boston over Cleveland in the raising of roses?"

"It's the climate. It is true that it isn't so warm there as here, and it hasn't been extremely sultry here this winter. But temperature in a green-house is easily enough regulated, as well as the quantity of moisture in the air, and the soil is made just so rich with all gardeners. It can't be because they are any more skillful in raising flowers there than we are here, for I know of gardeners who have come here from the East and expected to do the same things they did there, and failed completely. Even in New York the florist sell ten Boston buds to one of their own growth, and it's just so all over the cuntry. You know the more culture there is bestowed upon a rose the more double it becomes—that is the more of these stamens turn into petals. Well I suppose that as Boston is credited with possessing an atmosphere of 'culcha,' that has something to do with it."

Scientific and Useful.

The largest aerolite in the world is in the British museum. It weighs nearly two tons. The largest one in the Smithsonian, at Washington, weighs less than a ton.

Hickory, dogwood and persimmon, which, a short time ago, were almost worthless in North Carolina, is now in demand at five dollars a cord, for sawing into blocks for the purpose of manufacturing them into power-loom shuttles.

The *Journal de Pharmacie* says that a mucilage composed as follows will unite wood, porcelain or glass: 8½ ounces of gum arabic in strong solution, 20 grains of solution of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

An English experimentalist finds that for every pound of mineral matter assimilated by a plant an average of 2000 pounds of water is absorbed. As the French observatory of Mont Sourit was found that in rich soil 727 pounds of water passed through the roots of wheat plants for every pound of grain produced, while in a very poor soil 2693 pounds passed through the roots for each pound of grain.

THE PULSE OF ANIMALS.—In horses the pulse at rest beats forty times, in an ox from fifty to fifty-five, and in sheep and pigs about seventy to eighty beats per minute. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone, for instance. It is generally examined in the horse on the cord which crosses over the bone of the lower jaw in front of its curved position, or in thebony ridge above the eye, and in cattle over the middle of the first rib, and in sheep by placing the hand on the left side, where the beating of the heart may be felt. Any material variation of the pulse from the figures given above may be considered a sign of disease. If rapid, hard and full, it is an indication of high fever or inflammation; if rapid, small and weak, low fever, loss of blood or weakness. If slow, the probabilities point to brain disease, and if irregular to heart troubles. This is one of the principal and sure tests of an animal.

One of the most ingenious adaptations of electricity, recently introduced, is that by which machinery, when in motion, may be instantly stopped—as in the case of an engine. A wire rope, coiled around the stem of the throttle valve of the engine, carries a weight which is held in place by a rest, and the whole arrangement is such that the passing of an electric current along a wire releases this and causes the weight to fall. The tension thus thrown upon the wire ropes acts upon the throttle valve, cuts off the supply of steam and consequently stops the machinery. Buttons, with wire connections, are placed in different parts of the works, and on pressing any one of these the passage of an electric current acts as above mentioned. In every factory these electric buttons can be placed in every room, or several of them in a large room, as may be required. Should any one happen to be caught by the machinery, the simple pressing of a button in the most distant part of the factory will quickly stop the whole machinery.

Gas for Nothing at a Profit.

Scientific prophets have foretold that a day will come when the "residual products" resulting from distilling coal will be so valuable as to reduce the price of gas to a mere nothing. That good time has not arrived, it must be confessed, but if we may believe the confident assertions of a gentleman at Chester there is already in existence an appliance which goes a long way toward fulfilling these predictions. He claims to know a peculiar description of oven for making coke, which, without the help of a high chimney, enables those who use it to drive steam engines without any expense for fuel. Every ton of coal consumed in the oven yields coke worth seven shillings and tar and ammonia worth 4 shillings, in addition to 14,000 feet of gas. If, therefore, the first two products are sold, the price—11 shillings—more than pays for the slack coal from which they were derived, as well as for labor, wear and interest on the capital sunk in the plant. The manufacturer consequently gets 14,000 feet of gas for nothing from every ton of coal subjected to the process, and this he can use instead of fuel to generate steam. It is certainly a bold claim to put forward, but it may, perhaps, be justified by the present prices of coke, ammonia and tar. If, however, these ovens come into general use, the market value of such products will assuredly fall heavily in proportion to the immense enhancement of supply, and in that case the prices fetched would not cover the cost of materials and labor.

It Took.

A Bowery dealer in clothing got hold of a chap the other day who had a knowing look in his eyes, and who strongly objected to paying $7 for a coat which he had tried on. "Vhell, I doan say dot it is worth seven dollar," replied the dealer. "Then why do you ask it?" "Vhell, my eyes haf got so poor dot anypody can pass badt money on me now. If I sold dot goat for seven dollar I should expect to git one dollar in gounterfeit money and two dollars in silver dot vhas plugged oop." "I guess I'll take it," said the stranger, after a pause, and he scraped the bottom of his pockets and hunted his wallet over for bills. "Dot is right, young man, and I know you wouldn't sheat an ole man mit sore eyes." The coat was bundled up, and the stranger, disappeared in a lively manner. The dealer turned to the cash on the counter, carefully examined each piece, and there was a heavenly smile on his countenance as he chuckled out: "Only 90 cents of badt money, und some of dot blenty good enough to put in der shildren's savings bank!"

For The Young.

The Two Ponies.

Mattie and Charles were brother and sister. Their father was a well-to-do farmer and they were his only children. They loved and were interested in every creature on the farm, but best of all they loved the horses. When little, nothing delighted them so much as to be mounted upon Dubin's back and ride up and down the lanes. As they grew older they ventured more, and by the time they were twelve years old no one was better trained in the use of horses than they. Mattie especially delighted in this amusement, and from a child up told all her sorrows and troubles to these trusted and faithful friends. She and her brother often asked their father to give them each a pony. Their father would laugh and say, "Tut, tut, children; wait until you know how to manage a horse before you want one. Besides all that I have is yours." Still they each wanted one for their "very own," as Mattie expressed it.

One morning when Charles was fifteen and Mattie fourteen, their father called them to come out to the barn. There in the stalls stood two of the most beautiful ponies you ever saw, one as white as milk and the other as black as a coal.

"O! father," they both exclaimed, "what beauties!

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Dunn; "as this is Mattie's birthday, I thought she would like a pony, and as yours is coming so soon, I know it would add to her pleasure if I should give you yours at the same time. I think you are both able to take care of a horse now, and may Snowflake and Jet lead you always in pleasant paths. Here jump on now, and let me see you gallop off.

Two more happy mortals you never saw. Charles did not say much, but his father knew he felt as deeply as Mattie, who hugged first her father and then her pony. "There, there, that is enough; jump on now," said their father, while something glistened in his eyes, and in another instant they were down the lane and soon out of sight. Such a ride they had, and this was the beginning of many delightful journeys. Mattie would have lived upon horseback if it had been possible; hills, stone walls or ditches were no obstacles in her path now, for Snowflake carried her safely over them without fear. The neighbors used to say to Mr. Dunn: "Mattie will kill herself yet, if you don't get rid of Snowflake. Why, to-day, in crossing the field, she never even took down the bars but went over them. I expected to see her dashed to pieces, but before I could say a word she was out of sight."

Mattie told all her secrets to her pet, and, as when a little child, declared she understood her, and, indeed, Snowflake seemed to.

In the course of a few years the dear father died, and things did not go on as prosperously as before. They were in want of many things, and the winter was coming on. One thing after another, even Jet, had to to be sold. Mattie would jog along through the woods and tell her sorrows to Snowflake, feeling comforted in the belief that she sympathized with her. But there came a day: a very sad day, when Charles said to her: "Mattie, Snowflake must be sold." "Sell Snowflake! She had never thought of such a thing as that. Must it be?" Yes, there was no help for it. It was selfish in her to refuse it, so with aching heart she took her last ide. Charles led her away, and the purchase money bought many a comfort for them and their dear mother, who was now growing feeble. Mattie was comforted in the thought that her sorrow brought blessings to others, although she could never see a white horse or think of Snowflake even without experiencing a chokeing sensation and having her eyes dimmed with tears.

Reading Sound.

Reading sounds by sight has been highly successful, and has long ago been introduced with the best results into this country. The idea has occurred to a foreign teacher of the dumb to photograph the movements of the lips when articulating the different sounds which go to make up ordinary speech. It will easily be imagined that the model chosen for the pictures must be some one whose lips will give expressive action. But once potographed, the pictures can be multiplied by the thousand, and can be used as alphabets for our afflicted fellows all the world over. It is said that the pictures are so well adapted to their purpose, that any one can see at a glance what sound is indicated by each lip-movement portrayed.

Some men can appreciate nothing but according to its money value. Money with them is everything. Poisoned food, if it has money in it, is preferred to wholesome food. Money is good and necessary in its proper place, but there is that which money cannot buy, and compared with it is worse than dross. Truth and uprightness are above price. Money cannot buy them. It matters not how much money a man may have, if he is not true and upright, he is not worthy of respect.

Agricultural.

Market Chicks.

There is always a ready sale for early chicks, the prices this season for those intended as broilers (weighing about one pound) ranging from forty to eighty cents; but such sizes are only in demand in the early part of the season, those weighing about two pounds each being more desirable during the summer. About the 1st of May is the period for broilers, or during "asparagus time," as the farmers express it; but at all times fowls bring good prices.

There are several points to be observed in raising fowls, the profit being more or less according to the method of breeding. Much depends upon the kind of fowl used. The Brahma is one of the best we have for general purposes, as that breed grows to a large size, lays well, and is hardy, but while it possesses many good qualities, it is unfitted for producing broilers, as it is "leggy" when very young, and does not readily fatten until it is nearly matured. A cross of the Leghorn on the Brahma is one of the best that can be made if early pullets are to be kept for laying in the fall, as such a cross combines the quick growth of the Leghorn with the size, vigor and hardiness of the Brahma, and the broilers so produced, though a little slower in reaching the proper weight, are fine-boned, plump and attractive in appearance, possessing rich, yellow skin and legs. In crossing Leghorn with the large breeds uniformity of color can be secured by mating brown Leghorn cocks with partridge, Cochin or dark Brahma hens, or white Leghorn cocks with light Brahma or white Cochin hens.

Of the pure breeds there is nothing that can compare with the Plymouth Rocks for producing the most saleable chicks up to the age of three months, and younger ones as broilers are excellent. Being very hardy, good foragers and active, they grow fast and make a plump carcass. The American Sebright (Wyandotte) rivals the Ply-Rock in all qualities except hardiness, and have yellow legs at every stage of growth, while the legs of Plymouth Rock pullets are dark, turning yellow afterward. The only objection to them is that being a new breed they are at the present time too closely bred. The Langshan, a new breed, is as fine in plumage, size, laying qualities and flesh as one would wish; but, having dark legs, many buyers object to them. The objection, however, is owing to a time honored prejudice, for the Langshan and Houdan (a dark-legged fowl) are superior for the table to nearly all the yellow-legged breeds. A cross of the game with the large breeds gives a fowl with fuller breast and finer bone, which should be encouraged, as the smaller the amount of offal the better the quality. For market chicks, therefore, the broilers should come from the Leghorn-Brahma cross, the larger sizes from the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Houdas and Langshans, while the adults should be produced from Brahmas or Cochins crossed with the Plymouth Rock or Houdan. The best capons are a cross of the colored Dorking and dark Brahma, and the largest fowls are usually a cross of the Houdan and Brahma the first season, and the produce mated with Plymouth Rocks the second season. Black Spanish, Hamburgs and Polish, though excellent layers, are inferior as market chicks. If success is desired breeders should be careful in selecting the breeds most suitable, as it is more important than any other feature in the management.

Farm Hints.

Texas will net $13,500,000 from the increase to her sheep farms this spring.

A young man in Otsego county, gained $125,000 on the rise in hops within the last year.

The wild duchess, of Geneva, a royal shorthorn, was recently sold at Chicago for $21,000.

Prof. Arnold admits that brewers' grain will stimulate a large flow of milk, but says there is no butter in them,

A sheep pasture in Dimmitt and Webb counties, Tex., contains 300,000 acres and feeds 300,000 sheep. It is believed to be the largest in the world.

A successful ochardist says that if he were to live over again he would trim his trees higher, and pasture his orchards with sheep, in place of ploughing or mulching.

A Florida man has grown a radish that was over 2 feet long, 18 inches in diameter, and weighed fifteen pounds; also a collard that measured 4 feet 8 inches across the top.

The Kentucky Importing company sold thirty-six shorthorns of recent importation at an aggregate of $14,605. The highest price for a single animal was $1000.

Hoeing, and the frequent stirring of the surface of the soil, are important in dry weather. Those parts of the garden that are most frequently cultivated show the best results.

Squashes and all kinds of vines grow and yield the best by surface culture; manure as you would for corn; drop the seed in rows; cover lightly; stir the soil often, and eternal vigilance is death to bugs, with a good sprinkling of insect powder.

Early potatoes imply early planting. No matter what variety is used, early planting must precede early crops. And cultivation must be timely to secure best results. As between level culture and hillings the advantages can be determined by trial. On land too moist for potatoes ridge planting will supply partial correction of the fault, but thorough drainage will be a better way. In any case, early planting is essential if an early crop is desired.

GERANIUMS.—No class of plants are better adapted for bedding purposes in our hot, dry summers, than the geranium. It flowers profusely during the heat and drouth of summer, when most bedding plants suffer or are dried up. They are admirably adapted for blooming, and for baskets or vases; when a show is wanted they are without a rival. The newer double varieties are equally as fine for bedding as the single, with the additional value of the flower lasting two or three times as long when cut; this maker them very desirable for bouquets or cut flowers.

CONSTITUTION OF ALLUVIAL SOILS.—Alluvial soils are made up of decomposed vegetable substances, the river sediment and materials washed down from neighboring hills. The valleys of rivers and streams are alluvial soils and make a rank growth, but the trees grown on such soils are not so hardy or so fruitful as are the trees grown in soils with more sand, clay or gravel and less vegetable mould. A loamy soil may be considered in various ways. It may be a mixture of equal parts of sandy and clayey soil. It is neither so light as sandy nor so tenacious as the clay soil. As a rule its composition and texture are such as to render it eligible for the usual purposes of cultivation, and especially so for fruit trees. Loamy soils in which sand forms a large ingredient in their composition are called sandy loams; when well mixed with gravel, gravelly loams, and when lime abounds they are known as calcareous loams.

How Animals Play.

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstreched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twist-their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest percaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for a spring, the body quivering and tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-ack" triumphantly, and sat off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement

Long Finger-Nails.

According to the writer of an article on "Extraordinary Finger-nails," in the *World of Wonders*, it is the custom of the Chinese, Siamese and Annamese to allow the nails on all their fingers, except the forefinger, to grow to a great length, and among the former they sometimes attain the incredible length of from sixteen to eighteen inches. Among the Siamese so distinctive a mark of nobility are long nails esteemed that the bells and beaux wear silver cases, either to protect their nails or else to make people believe they are there, whereas in reality they are not. As regards the little finger, the writer tells us that "ambassadors and visitors of distinction from Asiatic States to European, are often observed to permit the excessive growth of the nail of the little finger, and this is also a common occurrnece with many of the people of India and other parts of Asia."

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

THE NEW PREACHER.

Yes, Betsey, I've heard the new preacher,
  Perhaps he may be very nice,
But I can't say I really like him,
  Though I've never heard him but twice.
He's nice and polite and real stylish,
  And looks very well, I must say;
But what he says don't seem like preachin',
  Perhaps it's the new-fashioned way.

He took his text out of the Bible
  And read it off glib as could be,
Then went to explainin' it all meant
  As different as different could be.
His words were so long and high-soundin'
  I couldn't catch all that he said,
But some things he told to his people
  Won't ever go out of my head!

He said he considered the Bible
  A very good book in its way,
But still, for the times that we lived in,
  'Twas quite out of date, he must say.
And some other books that are written
  Were very much better to read,
And suited the taste of the wise folks
  Who wan't be bound by prayer-book or creed.

He said that the Jesus we rev'rence,
  The Savior who died for us all,
Was really a wise and good teacher,
  But then, so were Peter and Paul.
He taught those poor, ignorant people
  A great deal of good, he'd no doubt.
But folks now had got quite beyond him;
  Yes, Betsey, he said that right out!

He talked about culture and beauty,
  And science and nature and art;
But though his words sounded so pretty,
  They somehow seemed lackin' in heart.
I wanted to hear of the Savior,
  Whose life here on earth was so blest,
And who to souls heavy-laden,
  Has promised a shelter and rest.

I want to be taught by a preacher
  The way both to live and to die,
That I may be fit for that heaven
  I'm hopin' to reach by and by.
If this is the new-tangled doctrine,
  This talk I've been hearin' to-day,
Why then you may have your fine preachin',
  I'll stick to the old-fashioned way!

A Pill for the Detectives.

When Fergus Bellamy left Wolverhampton with a portmanteau which was so heavy that it took the united strength of three porters to lift it into the luggage van, the local Superintendent of Police felt it to be his duty to communicate by telegraph to his superiors at Scotland Yard. For Fergus had only been at Wolverhampton a few days, and no one knew from whence he came or what his business was. Even in the billiard-room of a second-rate hotel, where he spent his evenings, he proved himself to be an unsociable fellow. Not only did he answer in monosyllables such commonplace remarks as were addressed to him, but he so far omitted the ordinary courtesies of the place that he never offered to treat the marker to a drink or a cigar. Possibly it was on this account that that official prophetically observed as Bellamy drove off to the railway station, "He'll never be no good to no one, I'll bet a bob."

On reaching St. Pancras, Fergus evinced great anxiety that due care should be taken of his portmanteau, and no wonder, for it was apparently brand new, and bore his initials in large green letters. If the value of its contents could be judged by its weight rather than by the gratuity with which the porters were rewarded, it was precious indeed. After seeing it deposited on the roof of a four-wheeled cab, and discovering from a time-table that the train from Birmingham was due in ten minutes the traveler devoted himself to obtaining all the news of the day in a strictly economical manner by reading the contents bills of the papers that were exposed on the book-stall.

Within a few minutes of the advertised hour, the Birmingham train arrived, and as Bellamy stepped forward to greet the acquaintance for whom he had evidently been waiting, he was unaware of the immediate proximity of Inspector Grabham, of the Detective Department, and of the interest that experienced officer was taking in his movements. Nor did he notice that the Inspector was taking care not to miss a word of the following conversation:

"What message from Master?" asked Bellamy, in a somewhat excited tone.

"Nothing more but that he'll be up the day after to-morrow. It must be done before then. You have the materials, and the papers are here," replied the other, glancing downwards at a small carpet-bag that evidently comprised all his luggage. "We must join N. G. at once."

With a reciprocal wink, the two got into the cab, which had been waiting, and the driver was ordered to go to the Sprig of Shillelagh. Inspector Grabham followed in a hansom at a reasonable distance.

The hotel selected by the friends was but a very humble hostelry at Islington. Its proprietor, an Irishman named O'Flaherty, carried on a fairly prosperous trade during the Cattle Show and Derby weeks, but at the arrival of three new visitors in one day in the off-season he was considerably surprised. His astonishment abated a little when he found that they were all of one party, for the boots were told to inform Mr. Nathaniel Gavan that Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Isom had arrived. The first-named came at once from the private sitting-room he had engaged and cordially welcomed the others. More than this, he hospitably manifested deep interest in the welfare of Bellamy's portmanteau, which, after consultation amongst the three, was ordered to be taken to Mr. Gavan's private sitting-room, a fact immediately noted by the watchful detective, who by this time was consuming, with remarkable deliberation, a bottle of ginger beer at the hotel bar.

Had Fergus Bellamy, David Isom and Nathaniel Gaven known that the hilarious gentlemen who dined at an adjacent table were Inspector Grabham and two other detectives, whose duty it was to watch their every action and remember every word they spoke, it is probable that they would have eaten in privacy upstairs rather than in the public coffee-room. Certainly they would not have accepted the hospitality of their neighbors; but drink is responsible for many an acquaintanceship, and when the beefsteak and Welsh rarebit which constituted their modest meal was demolished, and Isoni ordered "three whiskies hot," it was but natural that they should feel grateful for Inspector Grabham's offer (made in a North-country accent) to partake of a bottle of O'Flaherty's oldest port. This was not a beverage to be despised, for it had been in the cellar nearly six months, ever since the bankruptcy of a grocer in the next street, when the landlord of the Sprig of Shillalagh had purchased the whole remaining stock of seventeen bottles for thirty shillings.

After the first glass round had been held up to the light, submitted to the nasal test and disposed of, the zealous police officer opened out his heart to his guests.

"I have just come up from Bradford, traveling in the dry goods line. Maybe, Mr. ——, I have not the pleasure of your name. Thank you, Mr. Bellamy. Maybe you know the town. I'm going round London to-morrow to some of our city houses. Can I be of any service to you, or perhaps you are at the same game, eh?" The Inspector might have spared himself the trouble trying to extract information either by straight forward questions or cross-examination, for the three conspirators excused themselves early on the plea of fatigue, after discussing nothing but the wine, the weather, and the extortionate charges of London cabmen.

As O'Flaherty was closing his bar some three hours after his guests had retired to their respective rooms, he was surprised by a visit from a police constable in uniform, followed by Inspector Grabham and another man. He recognized the two latter as customers who had dined and paid so well that evening, and assumed that they required accommodation for the night. However, he was soon undeceived, and in a startling matter.

"We are police officers of the detective department. You have now in your house—a licensed house—three dangerous characters," said the inspector, sharply, mentioning their names. "When did they arrive? Quick, we have no time to lose."

O'Flaherty was terribly frightened, and spluttered out words to the effect that Gavan had come first, and the others later in the afternoon. Gavan evidently had expected them, and had hired a sitting-room. They all had lugga'aund he knew no more, except that they had dined and gone to bed early.

"Lead the way to the sitting room," replied the inspector. He then gave some instructions to the constable, who passed them on to others waiting outside. Grabham and his companion followed the landlord, who trembled as though he were the responsible culprit.

The bedrooms being on an upper story, the officers ran but little danger of being disturbed in their search in the sitting-room. Some writing materials were on the table and by carefully reversing the blotting-paper, the inspector was able to make out that the following letter had been written:

The Sprig of Shillelagh,
Islington.

DEAR MASTER:—So far all well. We have the materials, and will go to work. Next day you shall hear from us whether we are to sink or swim. N. G. arrived.

Having deposited the blotting-paper in his pocket, Grabham continued the search, and, to his surprise and delight, found that Bellamy's portmanteau was still in the room. It was, however, securely locked; but the inspector's companion was prepared for this contingency and, with the aid of skeleton keys, soon opened it.

"You scoundrels," muttered the inspector, as, after turning over the contents and pointing some of them out to his subordinate, he quietly closed and again locked the portmanteau. "I think we've got you this time. Now to find out 'Master,' and Inspector Grabham will be Mr. Superintendent, and have a money reward, too, may be. Come along; I'm satisfied with this day's work, anyhow."

Grabham's junior was not equally pleased. In fact, he was somewhat puzzled, for he did not understand why these packages, if dangerous, were not taken charge of by the police. But experience had lately taught those more learned than he in the art of trapping criminals, not to strike too soon, but to track conspirators, so far as public safety would permit, to the lair of the instigator, and, by bringing him to book, destroy the root of the plot.

Next morning, after a frugal breakfast (conspirators never have enough money to afford luxuries), Bellamy, Isom and Gavan left their hotel, closely watched by detectives, and, taking the omibus from the Angel, they were set down at Charing Cross. Here they separated. Bellamy walked along the Strand, going citywards, while Isom went up Parliament street, and Gavan strolled towards Pall Mall.

In a few hours, the police officers employed on the special duty of watching the suspected persons made their reports.

The first was as follows:

Watched Ballamy. He went up the Strand, stopping to look in several shop windows. Seemed particularly attracted by one, a cutler's. He went in and inquired the price of an American bowie knife, but did not buy it. Was a long while looking in the windows of an optician where there were portraits of members of Parliament and actresses. I thought he was going to turn back here, for he wavered, but at last he went on. He paused for some time at Somerset House, and walked out into the road to get a better view of the building. Passed down Fleet street and up Ludgate-hill; walked round St. Paul's Cathedral, stopping three times. Went up Cheapside, where he spoke to Constable (K. 007), and asked to be directed to the Bank of England. Arriving there, walked round that, viewing the Bank from several positions. Finally he appeared to select a spot in the northwest corner, and remained there looking idly about him for some minutes. He then went down Moorgate street, called in a tobacconist's shop, and purchased a box of flaming fusees. Then walked into Goswell road and on to the Sprig of Shillelah, where I was relieved, and came directly here (Scotland-yard) and made this report.

The reports of the other detectives were very similar to this one. Isom had trolled towards Westminster, and e amined the Houses of Parliament as minutely as if he were a foreign architect; while Gavan had surveyed Buckingham Palace as carefully as though he were going to make a drawing of it from memory. Both had walked back to Islington by different routes.

In the evening the three friends again left their hotel. On this occasion each took with him a brown paper parcel, and each proceeded towards the building in which he had taken so much interest in the morning.

Inspector Grabham and two other officers followed Gavan. That he was the ringleader of the gang the penetrating officer had already decided in his own mind. Nor was his zeal unrewarded, for, on reaching the gates which separate St. James' Park from Buckingham Palace Road, Gavan, handicapped as he was by the apparently heavy package he carried, quickened his pace so that the detectives could scarcely keep up with him. A sentry-box close by was evidently the spot fixed on for the perpetration of whatever outrage was to be committed. Carefully watching his time when the soldier on guard had turned to the right, Gavan deposited his parcel in the shaded angle to the left of the box. Then, taking from his pocket a fuse, he struck it on the sole of his boot, and——he found himself captured and handcuffed and thrust into a cab and driven away he knew not where before he had time to make any excuse. Inspector Grabham chuckled to himself as after craftily waiting to see if the brown-paper parcel would explode without assistance, he took the parcel under his arm and hurried back to headquarters to make known an exploit that would at least bring his name prominently before the public. On arriving there he found that two other men had also been arrested. Their tactics had been similar to those adopted by Gavan. It was clear that an attempt had been made to blow up Buckingham Palace, the Bank of England, and the Houses of Parliament, and thus deal a simultaneous blow at Royalty, Commerce and Government.

The three canisters with which this desperate outrage was to have been carried out had been captured. Their lids were securely soldered down, and the authorities at Scotland Yard dared not attempt to open them, so they dispatched them to Woolwhich by special conveyance, in order that scientific evidence of their contents might be forthcoming in due course.

Reports of the affair soon got abroad. Special editions of the newspapers were published, with sensational headings. Columns of print not only gave details of what had occurred, but significantly hinted at the identity of the instigators. The political bearings of the conspiracy were discussed, while crowds of idlers visited the scenes where the canisters had been deposited. As usual, the police were sagaciously mysterious, and excitement was intense throughout the metropolis when the prisoners arrived at Bow Street in prison vans, escorted by mounted police with drawn swords.

The court was crowded almost to suffocation when Mr. Fairland opened the case for the Crown. He was, the learned counsel said, instructed by her Majesty's Treasury to prefer a very serious charge against the prisoners. It had not yet been decided whether they would ultimately be indicted for treason, felony, or under a more recent statute with being in possession of explosives for an unlawful purpose. At this stage of the proceedings he proposed only to prove the circumstances leading to the arrest of the prisoners. He would, however, call the attention of the magistrate to the fact that a more dastardly outrage had never been planned against the lives and property of her majesty's subjects. It was, for recklessness of conception and malignity of purpose, unparalleled in the history of crime. There was some applause when the learned counsel concluded his speech by calling as his first witness George Grabham.

The witness detailed the circumstances of his suspicions, and of his following the prisoners, of his searching the rooms, and finding the portmanteau. He also produced the fragment of blotting-paper he had taken, and explained that, on searching the portmanteau, he found it contained a dozen ordinary building bricks and three canisters. They were the same as found by the police in the possession of the prisoners. The inspector then detailed particulars of the arrest of Gavan.

The prisoners declined to ask any questions.

Two other detectives corroborated a part of the evidence of Grabham, and also gave details of the arrest of Bellamy and Isom.

Mr. Fairland was about to suggest an adjournment, when he was informed that Professor Cain, in whose hands the tin canisters had been placed, had arrived. He, therefore, asked to be allowed to prove the contents of the canisters. On the magistrate giving his consent, the Professor, looking somewhat flustered, entered the witness-box. His evidence was as follows:

He was public analyst to Her Majesty's War Office. Three canisters had been delivered to him by Mr. Grabham on behalf of the police. As they were soldered down, he had thought it expedient to have them opened by the inspector of explosives. Each canister contained some hundreds of globules about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter. Taking a handful haphazard from each canister, he had analyzed them, but in consequence of circumstances he would relate to his worship, he had not persevered in a quantitative analysis. Each globule contained rhubarb and colchicum, and also other harmless drugs, and he had been unable to discover the slightest trace of anything harmful in the compound. There was nothing of an explosive, dangerous or poisonous character about them. He thought they might be effectually prescribed for gout. In reply to the magistrate, he admitted that they had the appearance and properties of liver pills. At the bottom of each canister he had found some printed handbills, announcing that "Bellamy's Balm" was a certain cure for gout, rheumatism and all diseases of the liver, and that it could be obtained from any chemist, or wholesale from Bellamy, Gavan & Isom, manufacturing druggists, Newcastle.

* * * *

Thanks to Professor Cain's opinion of "Bellamy's Balm" and to the publicity given to it in all the English papers, Messrs. Bellamy & Co. were soon able to retire on a handsome fortune and build a Home for Disabled Detectives.

Opening Oysters With Prayer.

There is a certain class of people who take a very gloomy view of religion and declare that we ought to do everything as though we were to die the next minute. What a long-faced community we should be if that rule were carried out. A man couldn't laugh at a joke; indeed, no one would dare to make a joke for people to laugh at, and life would become a slow march to the grave. If to-day were to be our last we should not lay in a stock of provisions for to-morrow, we should not want to go over the Brooklyn Bridge, and we should not pay the note that becomes due to-day because our creditor won't need it. The best way, in spite of some gloomy souls, is to live gladly, honestly and happily as long as you can to cry at the things that ought to be, cried over and to laugh at things that oughtto be laughed at. There is no good reason why a man should havecrow's feet before his time simply because he is religious and wants to do the right thing We are reminded of a story in this connection. "You ought to engage in nothing," said a solemn saint, whose soul was like a squeezed lemon, "that you can't open with prayer." The wag to whom he addressed himself replied irreverently, "Well, suppose I want a dozen of oysters, can I consistently open them with prayer?"

If you would create something, you must be something.

The Indian Rupee.

Mr. Edward Thomas, whose labors as a numismatist have thrown so much light upon the archæology of the East, has reprinted a paper upon the coinages of the East India Company at Bombay. The practical interest of the essay is the proof it gives of the continuous decrease that has taken place in the value of the rupee during the last two centuries. It seems that the Bombay Mint was first authorized by Charles II. in 1676, "to coin rupees, bice and budgrooks," which should be current not only in the island but also in the dependencies of the company in the East Indies. This "Island of "Bombay came to the English King by virtue of his marriage contract with Catharine, the sister of Alfonso VI, of Portugal, signed in the early part of 1662; and it was by him made over to the company in March, 1662, together with its revenue of £2833 per annum, and with the King's garrison of two companies of foot, who volunteered into the company's service, and thus formed its first military establishment at Bombay. When the company began to coin money they seem to have underrated the value of the local rupee, for the first specimen of their rupees bearing this denomination contains only 178 grains of silver, whereas a late one, dated 1678, containes over 183 grains. and one of the same last-mentioned year as much as 198. The Indian rupees were estimated by writers in the earlier part of the seventeenth century as from 2s. to as high as 2s. 9d. and the average value seems not to have been much less than, 2s. 6d. The decline in value of the coin is, of course, due to various causes not affecting India alone; but Mr. Thomas warns the theorists who talk of restoring silver to its old value in India that the circumstances are now altogether altered, since, instead of the comparatively all-round trade of the old company in goods and metals, we have to face "the leech-like heavy charges of the present home Government, which draws indiscriminately for its own wants bills in rupees upon its hapless dependency in season and out of season, whether the balance of trade or metallic exchange is for or against them."

Fashion.

Gossiping Report of Fashionable Foibles for the Fair.

An eccentric fancy is to cut the ends of all ribbon bows, strings or sashes into long forks or notches.

Cats are the fashionable animals at present, and cat-head and cat-paw ornaments are in high favor.

One of the loveliest dresses for mid, summer or spring festival wear is of white veiling, closely fitted with silk brocade dots.

New China crapes of the finest quality are beautifully embroidered (by hand, of course) in palm-leaf and other oriental figures.

Corn-flower and royal French blue orange flame and gold-yellow, ox-blood, and cardinal-red crop out in most of the new fabrics.

The new fraises and ruches for the neck are very wide and full, and are nearly a yard long, so as to form a jabot down the front.

Long Jersey gloves, ten-button length, in silk, silk and linen, or finest cachemire, are highly favored for spring wear. These gloves can be found in every desirable street shade.

Balbriggan stockings abound in the new varied tints of strawberry, amber, terra cotta, drake's neck blue, laurel green, bronze, elderberry, and a deep rich shade of violet. Each of these colors is clocked with old gold or cream white.

Among other pretty dainties which fashionable young ladies are preparing for summer wear—works of their own hands—are garden party hats of ficelle lace, lining the inside of the crown and brim with pale blue or rose colored surah or Canton crape. Another fancy is to run black velvet ribbon through the meshes, finishing with a knot of velvet on the top of the crown.

The most fashionable of the white toilets to be worn this summer, instead of being relieved by the usual colors of rose-color, blue or mauve, will be enlivened by the newer shades of French terra-cotta, tea-rose, shrimp, pink, and the like, and a leading toilet will be one of white nun's veiling, or vigogne, with broad sash and other satin ribbon trimming of pale primroses in the corsage and hair, and necklace and chataline of amber beads.

Arabian saddle-bags, resembling Smyrna rugs, the loosely woven Decca and Bombay shawls and heavy Turkish wraps of all kinds, are now utilized as drapings to low easy chairs and sofas, table covers and scarfs, and also for lambrequins, sofa cushions and tidies. These wraps are now selling at greatly reduced rates, and a "Bagdad" shawl from Lowell, Massachusetts, made into mantle lambrequin, table scarf and tidy, with fringe and braid for the edges included, will cost no more than a lambrequin alone bought ready-made of the same Bagdad material as the shawl.

The vogue of checks and Scotch plaids is undiminished. The most popular next summer will be Scotch plaids and checks of two colors, white and black, white and blue, white and louter, pink and gray, out of which many pretty costumes will be made at most reasonable prices. Nearly all the dresses for young girls will be made with round waists coming down very low over the skirt, which gives them a very youthful and charming appearance. I know as a matter of fact, that all the leading dress-making establishments will use mountains of faille next summer for their most stylish costumes. Nor is there any material that offers a more wonderful gradation of tints. The pallette richest in colors does not furnish a more complete gamut of tints, which pass almost imperceptibly from the lighter to the darker shades. The reader may consequently judge what resources this charming material presents to fashion. Very much the same may be said of the Ottoman silk, which is equally suple and soft, and which is being made both plain and broched. The plain patterns will be used for skirts with wide plaits, the broched for tunics, bodies, Louis XV. vests, Directoire redingotes, and Mary Antoinette bust au corps. I must also call attention to the fact that the present fashions no longer exclude velvet from the materials employed in summer dresses, but the velvets used are manufactured expressly for the season, and are very smooth and light mousseline velvets. They are plain or figured and stamped or "ciseless." By this last term is meant that the pattern of figures, which are either spots, flowers or birds, are in relief, embroidered in silk either of the same shade or of a different shade as the ground of the material.

Humor.

No, Paul, the window of the soul is not a pane in the stomach.

An old lady was asked her opinion about Mrs. Smith, her next door neighbor. "Well," she said, "I never speak ill of anybody, but I feel very sorry for Mr. Smith."

Inductive reasoning: Mr. Wm. Doodle—"Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands so soft." Miss Frost—"Ah! and do you sleep with your hat on?"

"Landlady," said he, "the coffee is not settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does;" and that man never spoke again during the meal.

A poet anxiously asked: "O pallid brow, where has the spirit gone?" Don't ask the pallid brow. If your bottle is empty, make the inquiry of the florid nose. It knows where the spirit goes.

"I saw you at a funeral the other day," said one lady to another. "Yes; I saw you, too." "I never heard a more affecting funeral sermon, did you?" "Never. And just think of it, when everybody was crying I reached for my handkerchief and found, to my horror, that it was a red one I had in my pocket." "Goodness! What did you do?" "Why, I didn't cry, how could I, when every one else in the church was using white?"

SOLVING TWO PROBLEMS. — He stopped sawing wood, turned to the old man who was splitting and piling, and said: "Father, I cannot believe that was cut out for a farmer. The whole problem is right here: I go to the city as a clerk at a dollar a day. In six months I get a raise to $9 per week. In a year I am given an interest in the firm, and in ten I am rich enough to buy and sell you ten times over." "Yes, that's one problem," slowly replied the old man, "and here's another: There's six cords of wood left in that pile, and if it isn't all sawed, split and piled agin Saturday night you don't git no pair o' new cowhide boots out o' me! Hear me now, and make that bucksaw strike fire."

His Papa's Name.

There was a bright little boy, between 2 and 3 years old, picked up as he was wandering on the street and carried to the Four Courts, where he took a seat on the railing in front of the Central Station, stuck out his chubby legs and stared at every one who came in without being the least abashed. As is customary in such cases, an endeavor was made to elicit information from him that might lead to his restoration to his distracted parents. The little fellow appeared willing to tell all he knew. "What's your name, young man?" they asked him. "Jimmie Rearden," he lisped. "What's your papa's name?" "Papa." "What does your mamma call him?" The cherub's face lightened up with pleasure at being able to furnish the desired information, as he answered: "She tells him, you old divole, you." The examination was postponed.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jun 28, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

For Completeness and Variety

of Stock the

THE FAIR & SUPPLY DEPOT,

Spring Mills, Penn'a,

'Takes the Cake." No place for shopping like 'em "in this neck o'-the-woods.

G. R. S & Co. WHITMER & Co

THE FAIR" "Supply Depot"

D. GARMAN & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Dealers in White Goods,

Notions,

Gents Furnishing Goods.

Black Cashmeres a specialty.

28jun tf It will pay you to call.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Farmers have commenced to mow.

——Rain set in again on Mouday evening.

——We issue our 8th supplement this week.

——Millheim has appointed a 4th of July jollification.

——Summer suits at the Philad. Branch at the very lowest prices. Boys' suits from $2.50 up, and excellent goods at that.

— Next week—being 4th of July week—according to an old custom in all newspaper offices, there will be no paper issued from this office, for which we ask the indulgence of our kind readers.

——Reuben Gramley, of Miles, reports the cut-worm as doing great damage to corn in Brushvalley. One of his fields has been almost totally destroyed.

The Mifflin county Grange pic nic, meets at Three Locks, 5 miles west of Lewistown, Aug. 10.

——Mr. G. P. Rarick, of Potters Mills, favored our sanctum with a call, the other day.

——Mr. Isaiah Boob, one of Haines township's best farmers, called upon the REPORTER.

——A negro, John H. Alexander, has been admitted to the West Point military academy.

Julian Fleming who has been advertising the Deering binder in our local columns for several weeks has sold quite a number of machines.

——The REPORTER office now has telephone connection with Bellefonte and other points. The line was completed to Centre Hall this week.

——Read ad. of Valentines Store Co., who are now in their new and elegant rooms, in Bush's block, with the most extensive stock of goods in this part of the state.

——The Centre Hall schools closed on last Friday, each one winding up with an enjoyable picnic. The young ladies and gentlemen of Prof. Hosterman's select school pic-niced on Nittany mountain; Miss M'Cormick's school in Mr. Shultz's woods, and Mrs. Shirk's school in the grove at the lower end of town.

——The first thing a city man does when he becomes rich is to buy a farm, move into the country and bankrupt himself trying to raise enough to keep him from starving. A rich countryman, on the other hand, buys a brown-stone front in the city and becomes interested in stocks, with a like result. The sensible man always buys—his groceries at Sechlers.

The American Agriculturist for July presents a great variety of interesting and valuable matter. We give a few of the many topics treated: Stone Bridges, Commercial Fowls, Stems of Plants, Home Made Capers, Winter Radishes, Water Lillies, Hide and Horn Furniture, Home-Made Tents, Home-Made Butter-workers, Enemies of the Melon Vines, Evaporating Fruits and Vegetables, Sheep Scab, Preventing Forest Fires, Application of Plant Food. Price $1.50 a year. Orange Judd Co., Publishers, 751 Broadway, N. Y.

——We call the attention of any of our readers who are in want of a salaried situation, and who can fill the bill, to the advertisement in another column of R. G. Chase & Co., headed "Salesmen Wanted." Write to them for particulars. 28j3t

——Mr. Emanuel Brown, of the Cummings House, Bellefonte, called upon the REPORTER. Mr. Brown is a good landlord, and keeps a good house, with plenty of everything to eat, and good, old fashioned cooking.

——Boots and shoes, suited for all ages, sexes, and occuptions—from the boot or shoe of the lumberman and plow-man, to the finest and handsomest goods worn by the professional man or the most fashionable lady, always in great variety, and low in price, at Doll & Mingles.

Mrs. M. Ryan, York, Pa., says: I cheerfully testify to the beneficial effects of Brown's Iron Bitters in curing general debility.

FRESH MEAT.—James A. Deckert's Spring Mills meat market supplies fresh, stall-fed beef, constantly, also pork, veal and mutton in season. Potters Mills, Centre Hill and Penn Hall will be supplied from the wagon, two days each week. 10may6m

JOB PRINTING.—Having added some new founts of job-type to our office, and a lot of stationery at low prices, we can furnish 1000 printed envelopes at $1.75; ruled bill heads at $3.40 per 1000, and letter heads at same low rates, for cash.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—This permanent Musical School will begin its 23d session of six weeks July 31, 1883, at Freeburgh, Pa. For particulars address F. C. Meyer, Musical Director. 28jun4t

——The following places in our town have telephone connection with the outside world: The REPORTER office, Wolf's store, Meyer's hotel, C. Dinges' store and Dr. Jocobs.

——Dr. Alexander, of our town, has experimented on hatching chickens artificially, and has had a number a peepies already as a result of his experiment.

——Mrs. Royer, wife of Col. Henry Royer, near Rebersburg, died on last Monday night. She was about 82 years of age.

——Scarce a day but Camp's furniture wagon is observed going out with new furniture to some purchaser. We do not overstate when we say that you can get furniture, elegant and stylish as any made in the city, and at lower prices, at Camp's Centre Hall furniture rooms than elsewhere in this part of the state. Go and see his goods before purchasing elsewhere.

A new town, to be called "Peale," in honor of Ex-Senator Peale, of Lock Haven, has been laid out by the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Campany, on the Moshannon, midway between Kylertown and the iron bridge on the new road leading to Snow Shoe. The plot has been made with public squares and parks, lots for churches, school houses and hotels.

——A young man by the name of Turner was arrested at Spring Mills, a few days ago, by officers from Chicago. He was employed in a jewelry store, and after his departure some $3000 worth of jewelry was missing, and it was thought he had it. The young man was raised in our valley, and we trust he may be able to show his innocense. Mr. M'Clintick went Turner's bail for $6,000. We have no further particulars.

——Swiss and Nainsook embroideries, lace and white dress goods—new and elegant lines—at the Bee Hive. 2t

The Deering selfbinder has the most perfect cutting apparatus in the world; an iron cutter-bar; malleable iron, steel plated guards, bolted and not riveted to cutter-bar; a sickle driven with ease, steady motion from the rear, and having a stroke of 7 inches

The Deering has the simplest, strongest and most easily operated raising devices in the world.

The main wheel of the Deering, although it has been imitated by many, is the finest piece of work in this line on any binder.

The face of the main wheel is broad; the weight and draft of binder is light, so the Deering does not mire or stick.

The canvas elevators automatically adjust themselves to bulk of grain; never clog or choke. Gordon & Landis, Bellefonte, agents; or Julian Fleming, Centre Hall. A Deering binder to be seen at Centre Hall.

The frontispiece for the July number of Harper's Magazine is an exquisitely beautiful engraving from F. S. Church's picture, "A Witch's Daughter." The number is very rich in illustrations, and its table of contents presents strong literary attractions, and are more than usually interesting and varied. The editorial departments are timely and interesting as usual, and the Editor's Drawer is especially good.

——The rainy spell we have had in the last 12 or 15 days has not only had a wonderful effect on the growth of vegetables, but it has caused cessation in farm work, which was put to good use by farmers and their wives in making their purchases of family groceries at Sechler's, where they always take their produce and get the best prices for same and lay in a supply of the purest and best family groceries to be found anywhere.

——For honest dealing in boots and shoes, genuine goods, low prices, and a guarantee with every article purchased, go to the store of Doll & Mingle in the Brockerhoff house block, and you will never miss.

There is great distress among the natives along Labrador cost. Spring supplies have not arrived.

——Best standard prints, latest styles, just reduced to 6 cents, at the Bee Hive.

——New stock of lace parasols and sun umbrellas, at the Bee Hive. 2t

——Special sale of ladies' muslin underwear, slightly soiled, at a surprising reduction at the Bee Hive. 2t

——Mr. John T. Lee, coachmaker, in this place, has just received a stock of best paints and varnishes, manufactured in this country, as well as some of the best of English make, and is now prepared to do painting in first-class style and quality, and at moderate charges. Any of our readers wishing a buggy, wagon or sleigh painted, will not regret having given Mr. Lee their order, as he will put on a shine that cannot be excelled in this section. Give him a trial and be convinced. He is also prepared to do all kinds of repair work on wood, trimming or paint. 2

*LOCK HAVEN MARKET.—Butter, 15 to 18c per pound; potatoes, 80c per bushel; chickens 60 to 80c per pair; lard 16c per pound; apple butter, 80c per gallon; corn 80c per bushel; eggs 18 to 20; cabbage plants, 10c per dozen; onion sets, 8c per quart; tomato plants, 15c per dozen; oats 50c per bu.; strawberries, 10 to 18 per quart; peas, in pod. 40c per peck; shelled, 22c per quart; currents 10c per quart; cherries, 10c per quart.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

apr26tf

CUMMINGS HOUSE,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.

The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial.

28june tf

ORPHANT'S COURT SALE.—Will be offered at public sale, at Potters Mills, on Saturday July 21, 1883, at 2 o'clock. p. m. the following real estate of Catherine Zerby, dec'd. A certain messuage and tenement or tract of land, situated in Potter township, Centre county, bounded as follows: Beginning at a white oak, thence along land of David Working north fifty degrees east, two perches to a post; thence along land of the said John Wagner north 33¾ west 44 perches to a stone; thence along land of George Rishel, south 4° west 22 2-10 perches to a post: thence along lands of Henry Working south 44° east 28 2-10 perches to the place of beginnig, and containing two acres and 120 perches of land and allowances.

Terms of Sale.—Ten per cent. in hand upon day of sale; and remainder of one-half on confirmation of sale, and the other one-half in one year with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage or judgement note on the premises.

WM. J. THOMPSON, Adm'r.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Daniel Fleisher, of Potter, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. J. R. Smith, of Pine Grove Mills, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic usages.

FOURTH OF JULY GOODS.

I would respectfully inform the people of Centre county that I have received an entirely new stock of

Fire Crackers,
Rockets,
Roman Candles,
And a general stock of
—Fireworks—

No old stock; all new and will be sold at bottom prices.

Also fishing tackle, revolvers, and a general stock of sporting goods.

Remember the place, DESHNER'S,
High street, Bellefonte. 2t

JURORS—AUGUST COURT.

GRAND JURORS.—Liberty—T S Winslow, D Robb, A C Bowes.....Marion—Wm. Irvin.....Millheim—Jacob Alters, F P Moyer.....Walker—Mich. Corman.....Benner—W H Taylor, Fred. Taylor.....Howard—Jas. B Hall.....Union—A Hall, H Iddings.....Boggs—Wm. Kline, And. Healon.....Philipsburg—R Kincade, B I Laport.....Harris—Chas. Moore.....Bellefonte—A J Brown, M Dolan .....Snowshoe—Wm. Quick.....Miles—J H Delong .....Taylor—B V Fink.....Spring—Al. Stine.....Milesburg—M M'Laughlin.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Boggs—L R Lingle, I Shultz, C C Eckert, J F Weaver, Jas. Noll, C M'Laughlin.....Patton—W L Furst, John Musser, I Gray.....Bellefonte—D Z Kline, Jacob Flack, A Sternberg, Jas. Dolan, I C Miller.....Walker—Jacob Dunkle, Ed. Peck.....Ferguson—R G Brett, J M Moyer, J R Smith, P S Gray.....Philipsburg—S Shmidt, J V Gray, J J Sanford, A Atherton.....Howard—I Reber, B Weber.....Haines—John C Stover, F Dutweiler, J D Bower.....Rush—R M'Cord, T Vaughn.....Liberty —Jas. R Bumgardner, H A Snyder.....Millheim—Sam'l Weiser, jr., M Ulrich.....Spring—Alex. Miller, Henry Harman, H H Griffith.....Snow Shoe—J Jacobs, J Delany.....Benner—J P Fraizier, H H Knarr.....Half Moon, John A Hunter, John Ward .....Worth, W Woodring.....Miles, Chas. H Brumgart.....Milesburg, J Foilçau.....Spring, Daniel Wian.

HOW PEOPLE TALK ABOUT JOHN WANAMAKER'S STORE.

Philadelphia, June 15, 1883.

MY DEAR BECKIE:

I promised to tell you all about our shopping trip to town, just as soon as we had gone the rounds of the stores. You said you'd expect to hear from me in about four days, if I didn't melt in the hot streets, or, as poor dear grandma said, get run over by the wagons in crossing them. We only started out this morning, and have been in every kind of stores you can think of, and we aren't melted or run over either; and tell grandma we haven't crossed a street seen one of those horrid red wagons she was afraid of. 'Cause why? No, you dear old girl, the stores aren't all on one side the street either, but in one big building called the Grand Depot. The main floor is like the Centennial. People as busy as bees, and everybody good-natured. Mother sent father out to get a new hat, but, bless you, he came back directly, with not only a new tie, but new gear from head to foot, and he hadn't left the building. He said it was so handy-like, that, after getting new head covering, he thought of the Irishman who wanted to build his house from the top, and hold up one brick while he put the next under it! After shingling the roof, he thought he needed recovering all the way down, and we all said we hadn't really known father was such a fine looking man.

Mother started to buy some pieces of white goods, but when we looked at the made-up underwear to see about trimming, she declared it was cheaper and handier to buy the garments than the cloth; and when you see them, all tucked and embroidered, you'll say so too. Father had allowed Kitie and me one hundred dollars for black silk dresses. We selected handsome ones, you may be sure, but we saved enough on the price to buy sunday gowns for poor Widow Dobbins and her three little girls! nice, wasn't it? Your lavender silk we matched perfectly, except in one thing. Instead of $2.75 we gave just $1.62, and you'd say it might have been cut off the same piece. We saw a lady bring back two dress patterns, and coolly say she'd changed her mind and wanted her money back! Mother laid down the goods she was fingering, and wanted to see what they would say; for, you mind, each dress was cut off. Do you believe they simply measured the goods, and gave her a cash check as though they just did this thing for fun?

We hadn't gone round very long among the stores, before father and Cousin Tom were getting loaded up (or down, whichever way you put it), and the polite clerks kept asking if we "wouldn't have a transfer." But mother was all the while afraid the things might be transferred away from her; and every bundle she kept saying would be the last, as she would send them to the hotel, and we would be through in this building and going out to hunt up other stores. But every kind of store we asked for they pointed right out under the same big roof, and father and Tom declared they'd "transfer" if she didn't take one. So they gave us 444, which meant that all we bought in any store was sent to that number of store-room; and when we were all through, they'd have them ready for us, with the bill, and when we saw them all right and together we'd pay for them. This satisfied mother.

I so wanted you, my petite old chum, to help me select the embroidery and trimming for that India Swiss. I think it will trail for; yards if it's a finger. And the lace veil to match is just lovely, and you'll say so. Mother said the saving on this finery alone will pay for our trip.

In what they call the basement, there is the biggest lot of everything wanted in a house—except what you wear—that I ever saw. Just as many avenues and streets and stores here as up stairs. A light, busy-looking place it is. For a while I didn't know where the puffs of wind came from, and fancied some young fellows were blowing my ribbons about when I passed them, but it was cool air from the pipes that keep the place so delightful.

At noon we even took our dinner in a restaurant kept for the visitors, and had a nice rest in the parlors, with books, papers, and writing materials; and an orchestra (or orchestreon they call it) playing in the next room.

To-morrow morning we are going to spend in the museum up-stairs. Tom found it out prowling round at lunch time. Mother says this is the easiest shopping trip she's made in forty years—at least a week's work done in one day. Don't forget, Beckie, that what I've told you about Sallie's beau, I give you just exactly as it was given me—in strict confidence. Come and see me when I get back; I'll have lots and lots to tell you. We've saved so much time shopping that father says we may as well put in two or three days' sight-seeing if we want to; but he don't think we'll find any house as roomy and pleasant as the Grand Depot. Love to everybody. Affectionately,

SOPHIE.

P. S.—We bought some summer dress patterns, just too sweet for anything. Light foamy flecks upon a shaded sea-green, like the waves when the tide comes in—real sea-shore finery, isn't it?

P. S. No. 2.—You dear old girl, I didn't finish telling you what the India Swiss and lace veil were for—so I didn't—but you guessed it, of course. Charlie has pro—— not provoked me exactly, but the other thing, you know. Tom teazes me, and calls it "the pro and con." Well, I had to let poor, dear Charlie have his own way; and it was handy to come to town now; and we've got everything for housekeeping right here, from parlor suits to tin cups. You'll wish me joy, I know.

MARRIED

On 17, by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. Daniel T. Moyer, of Boonville, to Miss Lizzre E. Snyder, of Logansville, Clinton county.

On June 17, by Rev. S. E. Furst, Mr. Alfred Osman, of Boalsburg, and Miss Mary E. Mersinger, of Tusseyville.

DIED.

At Rebersburg, on 21 instant, Mr. Isaac Zeigler, aged 84 years.

SALESMEN WANTED.

PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT for Honest, Energetic Men. Salary and expenses paid. The Business easily learned.

THE CHASE NURSERIES

Kieffer Pear, Champion Quince, Hansell Raspberry, and all the most desirable fruits and ornamentals. Only those need apply who can devote their entire attention to the work. Address,

28jun8t R. G. CHASE, & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

——Rain on Wednesday.

The complicated diseases brought on by intense study, thought, care, anxiety, etc., are often of the most serious nature. Heed such symptoms as loss of memory, universal lassitude, heart disease, kidney complaints, liver troubles and a general breaking down of health and strength. When thus afflicted, when the least exertion causes great fatigue, when life seems a burden, use the reliable strengthening tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. It will afford you sure relief.

RE-OPENING OF THE SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.

The fall term of this institution will open on the 23d of July, '83, under the advice of Prof. D. M. Wolf, and will continue for a term of ten weeks. All persons desiring to prepare for teaching, or entrance into college, will find this a very desirable place to do so. No pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction. For further information or reference address, PROF. LEWIS ROBB,

PROF. D. M. WOLF, Principal,

or I. J. GRENOBLE, Spring Mills, Pa.

HARD FACTS AND PLENTY.

Oak Hall is simply a great retail Clothing House—the greatest of its kind in the country. Our Clothing is made upon honor. We would be worse than fools to expect to build and hold a business upon other than honest goods at the least prices. We neither hold nor buy the remains of wholesale stocks to run off at retail, but make every garment to sell direct to the wearer, under our cast-iron guarantee, a bond of good faith original with us and perfectly well known to everybody in the vicinity.

NO PRICES REDUCED.

We are not advertising reduced prices, but we are in position to offer the best bargains in Spring Clothing of every sort and upon many items *very great* bargains. In a very true sense all our

PRICES ARE REDUCED.

Nineteen full lines of Men's Suits	at	$10.00
One full line of Men's Suits	at	9.00
One full line of Men's Suits	at	8.00
Two full lines of Men's Suits	at	7.00
Nine full lines of Youths' Suits	at	10.00
Six full lines of Youths' Suits	at	9.00
One full line of Youths' Suits	at	7.00
Two Full lines of Youths' Suits	at	6.00
One full line of Large Boys' Suits	at	4.00
Two full lines of Large Boys' Suits	at	5.00
Two full lines of Large Boys' Suits	at	6.00
Five full lines of Large Boys' Suits	at	7.00
Two full lines of Small Boys' Suits	at	3.50
Two full lines of Small Boys' Suits	at	4.00
One full line of Small Boys' Suits	at	4.50
Three full lines of Small Boys' Suits	at	5.00

This small list represents nearly five thousand suits of Clothing. If we told the whole story we would need the whole newspaper.

Twenty-two years Oak Hall has been serving the public, and in all that time has never offered a stronger inducement for trade than this.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, S. E. COR. SIXTH AND MARKET STS., PHILA.

EXCELSIOR M'F'G CO.

(TRADE MARK.)

JUST STOP AND THINK!

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ONE OF THE BEST AND EARLIEST WAYS TO SAVE

"Hard Earned Wealth"

IS TO BUY WHERE YOU CAN GET THE

Best Goods for the Least Money?

Of course you know it, and in order that you may know that we know it, we want to remind you that we are now offering at

Rediculously Low Prices!

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCKS OF

CLOTHING!

AND

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, HATS, CAPS, CAPS,

TRUNKS, VALICES, &c., &c

A Hat given to every purchaser of a child's suit or boy's suit—for 30 days only.

—o—

An examination of our goods and a knowledge of our prices will convince you that we are telling you the

Plain, Unvarnished Truth!

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AND TEST THE TRUTH OF OUR REMARKS.

—o—

"KEYSTONE" Clothing Co,

MICHAEL LEVI & CO.,

Reynolds' Opera House, Allegheny Street, BELLEFONTE.

21apr8m

MAKE HENS LAY

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